THE COMMONWEAL

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THE NEW EMANCIPATION

EMERGENCE of the Negro race, which unfortunately is hampered by faddists and professional discoverers of genius, is a major American movement. For the first time since the carpet-bag era, there are promising signs that the country is becoming alert to the necessity of providing for a portion of its population long lost in the confusion of a new freedom and higher estate. It may not be true that this attention is prompted solely by idealistic generosity from a predominant majority to an ignored minority. In it certainly are elements of practicality and necessity. No serious thinker can blind himself to the fact that the Negro has played and will continue to play an important part, however little recognized, in American economics and politics. One need not go far afield to find that among the reasons for the South's dryness is the large colored population; one might search further for the conclusion that the economic retardation of the South has been greatly due to the fact that its somnolent satisfaction with Negro labor has militated against any comprehensive effort to change the status quo.

That the Negro, whose gropings are often as tragic as they are pitiful, must migrate from the South to awaken it to the pressing need for intelligent direction in aiding him is a sharp rebuke to white leaders. The wisdom of such migration is debatable. Undoubtedly cities like Chicago, Baltimore and Washington have learned the lesson that the worst classes of immigrants have a highly disproportionate representation. Heretofore the South and those portions of the North which have felt the greatest influx have been more inclined to bewail the blind movement of men and women who were seeking higher wages where the benefits of an increase were submerged in the greatly enlarged cost of living. True, the shift was equally displeasing to both because it interfered with the supply of and demand for labor. Yet, confronted by the necessity of replacing its lost power, the South has only commenced to realize that it could do little better than to retain what it has. It is to be hoped that, once this idea prevails, organized means will be found to keep the Negro where temperamentally and practically he is better fitted to live.

Evident in what has been written on the subject during the past few years is the impetus given to the popularization of the Negro and the things pertaining to him. Under the aegis of the pseudo-artistic, numerous excursions have been made to prove that beneath the colored breast beats a white heart, behind the colored forehead functions a mind inspired by white ideals, within the colored soul gleams the spark of

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genius awaiting the breath of white encouragement and interpretation. These things are not true any more than absorption is conversion. No one hesitates to admit the genius of the Negro. Indeed a consensus of intelligent opinion places a high value on his contribution to art, notably music. Yet in making this admission we must avoid the fallacy of asserting that the Negro must be poured into a white mold or that he must be saved by white leadership. Nor is anything to be gained by over-adulation of those few great men the race has produced, or by the belief that a people which has given the world a Booker T. Washington, a Charles Gilpin or a Countee Cullen will eventually, if furnished with proper white encouragement and help, blossom into a race of intellectual and artistic successes.

Inherent, also, in current "taking up" of the Negro is too much of the spirit of the sightseer. Many of the Negro's modes of expression are quaint, his happiness of disposition is unique, his consciousness of rhythm and harmony is innate, generally his arrogance is unequaled save by the mistaken conviction of his own inferiority. Yet this offers no warrant for considering him a museum figure. Whenever the question is raised, those loudest in their advocacy of identical treatment of the Negro are seldom able consistently to maintain their theories in actual application. Any attempt to do so results in a distressing patronage which is belittling to the white and obnoxious to the Negro. This implication of superiority, which can never be veiled, is the greatest stumbling block in the whole field. Over it trip the best intentions. Therein lies the greatest tragedy. The belief that the reiteration of the principle of racial equality is a panacea in matters of racial differences is as inane as it is false. No solution of a difficulty has ever been made by a mere declaration that the difficulty does not exist. America, since the Emancipation, has seen this formula followed again and again. It has not been effective nor, if human nature remains unchanged, will it ever be. For no matter how sincerely the white may exclaim "My brother!" he rarely succeeds in discarding that unspoken admiration of his own generosity. Perhaps it never occurs to him that the Negro, whose intuitions are sharpened by his sensitivity, might not wish his brotherhood on such grounds.

Indeed this common conviction that the Negro is wasting his heart away because he has been denied the right to call the white man brother is not founded on fact. Oftentimes a dissatisfaction that he is not white lurks in his heart. Yet he, like the rest of us, accepts his fate as inescapable if unfortunate and does not base his happiness in life on something entirely out of his reach. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was infinitely more surprising to the Negro than it was to his master. By the same token if, on some strange morning, he should awaken to find himself in the Utopia most white men picture as his goal, there would be none so astonished as the Negro.

Although there is possible error in the declaration that, left to his own devices, the Negro will only emerge from his present status after several generations, it is safe to assert that the process can be speeded up by white aid, given with an appreciation of the fact that no one understands the Negro like the Negro. The race possesses leaders. More are developing year by year. To these men and women must fall the task of solving the problems of their fellows. The conference on The Negro in American Industry, to be held next month under the auspices of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, and the Committee on Inter-Racial Relations of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States, demonstrates Catholic acceptance of this idea.

But the Negro, as a race, is abjectly poor. He must look to the white man for financial aid in carrying forward a program of education that is his most crying necessity. No better example of the happy combination of Negro effort with white monetary assistance can be found than the Cardinal Gibbons Institute at Ridge, Maryland. The generosity of a few white Catholics has given the Institute an opportunity to inaugurate a strong program of academic, industrial and extension work, under the sole jurisdiction of a colored faculty. The funds so far collected are totally inadequate. Ignorance of the great opportunity to further an excellent cause, rather than indifference to its aims, is undoubtedly responsible. That the Negroes themselves realize the value of this work is evident from their contributions, which have been unusually large. It is their support which has insured the present successful operation. Were they wealthier they would gladly provide the means for the extension of the Institute plans to their ultimate scope.

A pioneer endeavor in Catholic sociology, the Institute offers a definite and economic life-program. This consists primarily in educating colored youths of both sexes to lead a community life based on Christian virtues. Although its lessons are best exemplified in rural life, there is no idea of confining the colored race in general to limits of rural conditions, nor to set boundaries to any cultural developments that the race may attain in other careers. It aims to provide for Catholic Negroes in general the advantages of that same practical help and guidance which have transformed the lot of thousands from shiftlessness, debt and decay to decency and prosperity. In order that the school may be able to put its training to the best advantage, it is extremely desirable that, through the coöperation of its friends and advisers, it be able to set on foot a small demonstration colony unit in the immediate neighborhood, where its lessons in home building, agricultural methods and practical citizenship may be exemplified in the vicinity of churches and schools. A small nucleus of graduates, trained in race leadership by such an institution, will go a long way toward fostering and ultimately securing the general social and culture welfare of the American Negro.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IF WE may judge from the articles now being published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Father Edwin V. O'Hara has performed the very useful service of being a periscope in Mexico. In view of his achievement as a worker for rural betterment, no one can suspect him of being blind, prejudiced, unduly conservative, ignorant or sleepy. The record of what he saw ought to be read carefully, as a matter of course, by every Catholic citizen; and we trust that many other people will avail themselves of an opportunity to absorb the impressions gathered by a man we are proud to term representative. In his last paper, Father O'Hara gives this graphic description of events surrounding the murder of Obregon: "Each succeeding day during July, one could see increasing bitterness in the proclamations of the two radical parties supporting the Calles régime. When the Obregon forces planned the triumphal entry of their chief on the Sunday before the murder, the labor papers recalled the triumph of Julius Caesar, and the agrarian journals reported that Morones would betake himself to his ranch during the festivities. On the Monday following Obregon's entry to the capital, the laborites staged a demonstration in the streets calling for the death of the President-elect. The following afternoon their wish was granted. The body of the murdered man was hurried out of the city and Calles issued a long formal statement that clerical action was responsible for the crime." What newspaper reporter sent a story about these striking eventualities to his home-town sheet?

SPAIN has been looking at Caribbean America through the lens of an unusual book, to which the author—Señor Luis Araquistain, a noted journalist—has given a title equivalent to The Agony of the Antilles. To his mind the United States has rendered an estimable service in ridding islands like Porto Rico of ramshackle machinery, bad bureaucrats and red tape generally. The officials sent out by Washington are prevailingly tolerant and diplomatic. Even the "higher well-being" of the natives is not forgotten. But—and the complaint has value as well as novelty—the total effect of the farming-out policy which is the essence of American "imperialism" has been to render impossible the establishment of a white population. The Spanish element is, so we are asked to believe, losing its interest in the islands, and no influx from New England or Florida has come to take its place. Haiti is the most spectacular example. Devoted almost entirely to the sugar industry, it has become one vast field where natives work, where smaller enterprises are forced out, and where something akin to benevolent peonage reigns. One does not negate these conclusions, although some modification of them is dictated by the evidence. But in view of the circumstance that contented and advancing natives now dwell where a hopeless population once roamed, it seems that Señor Araquistain has written a chapter in social history rather than an argument for the abolition of United States control of the Caribbean islands now under its tutelage.

THE floods of standardized bunk that are unloosed in every presidential campaign inspire, quadrennially, wonder whether the politicians suppose all newspaper readers to be mental incompetents. They proceed, every four years, along the set lines established by precedent, and are always the same. The most amusing of them all is the announcement, made at stated intervals, that the voters, or some of them, were against us a week ago, but now they are for us. The West was unstable last week, but now it is firm; the German vote was disloyal a fortnight ago, but now it is enthusiastic; the Irish vote or the border states or the farm vote were in the other camp, but the last ten days have seen them rush back to their allegiance. This year it begins earlier than usual; the average date for the commencement of this nonsense is September 3, but this year the very first week in August saw the good old headline: Chairman Work Says Smith Has Lost Farm Vote.

WHAT is worse, he really did say it; it was not the exaggeration of a headline writer; and he fixed the date when, "according to my advices," the farmers all switched from Smith to Hoover. According to "my advices," they had been "somewhat neutral," but "they now feel" thus and so; and the date was when Smith explained his attitude toward the equalization fee. Now what, we ask any reasonable man, can have been

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the "advices" that enabled Chairman Work to peer so unerringly into the minds of those millions? We shall have plenty of this from both parties and many newspaper writers as the campaign progresses; it starts unusually early, that is all. It is always the same, and always based on a visualization of the electorate as plunging wildly this way and that, favoring one party on Thursday and another on Saturday, like a mad bull butting against different parts of a fence. Idiotic as most of the manifestations of a presidential campaign always are, this one is probably the most melancholy.

THERE is unquestioned justice in the argument that America, responsible for the material and governmental interests of the Philippines, should take care of the spiritual. No other people in the far East have been converted to Catholicity in such preponderant numbers—seven of the eight million inhabitants have, during three centuries, been received into the Faith by Spanish missionaries. The American occupation saw the gradual elimination of Spanish priests. This was in line with the policy to divert the Filipino from the Spanish ideal to that of the United States. Yet such displacement without complete replacement by American clergy has left the Church in the Philippines in a deplorable condition. Writing in the Fortnightly Review, the Reverend J. J. Burke pleads for the formation of a Philippine Mission Society and asks financial aid in its organization and endowment. He declares that fifty parishes in the archdiocese of Manila alone have no pastors and that for 2,000,000 Catholics there are but 150 priests. His contention that it is an urgent necessity to preserve the Faith in the various islands is incontrovertible. The Commonweal heartily endorses such a meritorious step as the one proposed to meet the situation.

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD'S search for 2,000 gallons of rum, port, sherry, champagne, rye, burgundy and pure alcohol enlisted the sympathetic and immediate coöperation of Major Maurice Campbell, one of Mrs. Willebrandt's most militant prohibition administrators. The supplies will be labeled as pure medicinal liquors in the event of sickness. No question that the quantity, which will serve the South Pole expeditionary force for two years, is excessive can be raised. Nor will any be found to carp at the fact that possible patients in the polar regions will suffer from lack of necessary stimulants. However, it might prove a matter of wonderment to citizens of the United States that the government becomes so solicitous for the potential sick in the Antarctic when its attitude toward the sick at home is so strict. Physicians who find necessary prescriptions of liquor limited by sumptuarily set allowances, or by the financial inability of those for whom it is designed, can take little comfort in the thought that were their patients only bound for the South Pole, the restrictions would be cheerfully removed.

COULD Omar Khayyam, with his jug of wine, visit Constantinople today he would doubtless be hailed as the father of the "wet party." With vine leaves in their hair the 1928 Turks would give him a prominent place in any celebration of Mustapha Kemal's recent pronouncement on drinking alcohol: "Ten years ago Turkey's leaders were hypocrites under the shadow of the Caliph's mantle, drinking alcohol but denying alcohol to the people on orthodox grounds. They were unwilling to drink publicly but consumed more copiously in private than myself, who drink publicly to the health of the Turkish people." Having quaffed of the convivial bowl, the Persian poet would then be compelled to turn his attention to delegations of Americans anxious to secure him for a speaking tour in these nobly experimenting United States. Here there should be considerable agitation that, after thirteen centuries, the exemplary Mohammedan concept of prohibition as an integral part of religion has received such a serious setback by words which can truthfully, oh so truthfully! be applied to a country where the blessings of prohibition have been enjoyed for only six years.

IN ORDER to render the world safe for the Eighteenth Amendment—a worthy cause, surely—the time has come to propose various other changes in the constitution. A stroll through a ten-cent store or a neighborhood notion emporium brings one face to face with vast quantities of bottle caps, corks, kegs and sundry other items which tempt the citizen to exercise his inventive genius. Nor is it any secret that almost every town, not to mention the more important cities, does a thriving business in what is termed "malt extract"—a vicious substance, designed for the sole purpose of making the brewing of jolly good ale an easier task than it was in the days when English country clergymen filled their vats with foam and something more. Even honey is reported to be in greater demand, since ancient succulent recipes for mead have been unearthed. Some figures on the whole industry have been collected by Mr. John Flynn and published in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly. Those who do not read can, however, gather a satisfactory amount of information by keeping their eyes open. The guardians of public morals must therefore avoid conduct that might smack of competition with the tortoise and other slow-moving creatures. At least two new amendments are in order: "The manufacture and sale of bottle caps is prohibited"; and "Malt extract shall be given only to members of Congress and delegates to national political conventions." The states which voted for Number Eighteen will not object to these.

SPEAKING at the International Christian Press Conference, which met recently in Cologne, Dr. Frederick Lynch declared that Catholics and Protestants are united in their opposition to paganism. "Newspapers should always keep before their read-

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ers," he said, "the ideal of unity as expressed in the Lord's Prayer, and impress upon the public that we have a common enemy in paganism now rampant, especially in big cities, where it largely dominates literature, art and the stage." With such a proposal The Commonweal, naturally enough, is deeply sympathetic. Never before has it been more salutary to remember "the soul of the Church," to which all belong who live to realize, in good faith, the efficacy of Christ. In our time differences in religious outlook are, when taken by themselves, much more likely to prove incentives to prayer and charity than sources of hatred. Unfortunately other profound cleavages—of race and social heritage, of training and tradition—between the Catholic body and its Protestant neighbors are not, so far as one is able to judge, being bridged. We are filled with genuine anxiety when we feel, as we occasionally do, that the warmth of Christian love is ebbing out of the national life, without carrying away ancient and fierce dissensions. Never before was there greater need for writing and living in the spirit of the Imitation of Christ, for which all things are anchored in the Divine affection.

THOUGH there be sermons in stones, few can compare with that voiced by the tomb wherein the remains of Viscount Haldane, British Minister of War during several tragic years, will lie. He exemplified better than any other man in recent history that sovereign breadth and depth of mind which, as expressed in terms of statesmanship, has contributed so much to the greatness of England. Fancy an American Cabinet official who happened to be at one and the same time a farsighted executive, a brilliant lawyer, a genuine philosopher gifted with power to enshrine his thinking in important books, and a connoisseur of modern social movements throughout the western world! It was the Viscount's misfortune that during an epoch when feeling ran fierce and high his "reasonable mind" confronted a wholly irrational partisanship. Because he was not victimized by prevailing propaganda but continued to know that the Germans were a great European people, however dangerous they might have become to Britain, he was forced into political seclusion. The deepest tragedy of the war era lies in this failure of men of his type to surmount the practical and psychological barriers that lay between the world and peace. In Germany there were several leaders of his stamp—notably Max von Baden—who looked to Viscount Haldane hopefully. But neither he nor they could make headway against the fanatics who all but destroyed the old world. The contest was between philosophy and passion; and the buzzards can tell which of the contestants won.

NOW that the time is rapidly approaching when half a million more students will read Ivanhoe as part of the daily grind, it may not be amiss to discuss a peculiar distortion of the mediaeval landscape to which most of us succumb. For us mankind in those days seems divided into two groups—the clergy and knights-at-arms. These last are assumed to have galloped around constantly to tournaments where they fought to reap a lady's smile. It escapes attention that there existed a considerable body of busy and well-educated laymen who profited by the sword very little more than the modern librarian or merchant does. And the knight? "Primarily," says Philip Schuyler Allen in his interesting treatise on the Romanesque lyric, "he is not a soldier but a small tiller of the earth—a squireen who is normally much more concerned about his crops and his pigs than with his lord's affairs. The authentic knight is ignorant, rather brutal and turbulent, prone to quarrel with his neighbor—but with no native taste for national wars and the prolonged absence from his farm that such frays involve, unless there be a braw bit of plunder likely. He is a matter-of-fact soul, little inclined to romantic adventure for its own sake. So, despite the pretty superstitions of swashbuckling narrative from Chaucer and Spenser to the romantic revival, this mediaeval member of the militia is very much like ourselves." All of which may be prosaic, but happens to be quite unadulterated truth.

THE extension of the license of Station WEVD by the Federal Radio Commission is to be commended. While absolutely opposed to the body of the doctrines for which the Debs memorial station serves as a disseminator, The Commonweal believes that WEVD should not be denied an air channel on the basis of any disagreement with the principles of its backers. It is true that interference with other stations was cited as the reason for the refusal to renew WEVD'S license. Its representatives lost no time in raising the cry of discrimination, a complaint which later developments do not justify. The educational as opposed to the entertainment feature of the radio has been a bone of contention in the field for some time. The ultimate answer will be made by a dial-adjusting public. It is certain that no large proportion of listeners will be forced to hear any program for which they have no liking and there is decided advantage in having a ready label for the views emanating on any given wave length. So WEVD's statement that it serves a proportionately large audience should, if it is found to be correct, be quite sufficient argument for its existence.

IT IS a national habit to think of public men as doing nothing without having in mind the snaring of votes. When a man enters the White House or tries to get into it, he ceases to be human like others and becomes a vote-catching machine. When Mr. Coolidge put on the ten-gallon hat in South Dakota last year it was assumed as a matter of course that he wore it to get votes; and he was even rebuked for his cheap charlatanry. This year he has refused a Presidency that

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was within his grasp; he is out of politics, possessed by no ambition, and can do as he likes. He goes off to have a good time on the Brule River, and, politically speaking, his attitude is, "I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me." And he wears the ten-gallon hat, though he fears no more the heat of the political sun nor the furious political winter rages. Are those knowing ones discomfited and abashed in the presence of this revelation that Coolidge really wore the hat because he liked it, as he probably liked to wear those derided overalls in Vermont? No; how can the knowing ones have been wrong about anything? So they merely record olympically that Coolidge "no longer" wears the hat to attract votes, but wears it now from preference.

TWO such widely separated actions as that of Reverend Caleb Stetson, rector of Trinity Church, New York City, and that of a Parisian disciplinary court, have a common basis in dissatisfaction with existent divorce laws and their application. Dr. Stetson has forbidden marriage in his church to any person who has appeared in a divorce action. In France, seven advocates were put on trial under the accusation of improper conduct in obtaining divorces for Americans. President Wattine, the presiding court officer, did not exaggerate the truth when he declared that many Parisian divorces make "a laughing stock of French justice and have done its reputation immense harm." If divorce is to be considered a necessary evil (which we vigorously and specifically deny) the question of justice should overshadow every other consideration. The Paris divorce (although not more than the Reno divorce) has been noted for the certainty with which the plaintiff, even though he or she goes to no particular trouble to circumvent the law, succeeds. No amount of special pleading will ever be able to cover the glaring unfairness of one code of laws superseding another for facilitating the breaking of a contract.

THE UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE

PERPETUAL motion and mechanical thinking are generally accepted as examples of the impossible. One might easily add, if the season did not militate against exercise, a number of other instances—Mr. Mencken as chairman of the Dry Forces, Incorporated, the reading of Chinese in the original by the average undergraduate, or the attainment of riches by editors. There is, however, a form of the utterly impossible which, perhaps for the reason that it is so obvious and unmistakable, has escaped general attention until now. We refer to the impossibility of preventing the Pope from getting control of the American government. What is astonishing during the present campaign excitement is not the fact that many persons should be alarmed at the machinations of Rome and eager to enlighten their fellow fundamentalists or liberals. We hardly find it odd that at this point Dr. Dieffenbach should stand arm in arm with the reverend gentlemen who made the now historic protest in Tennessee. The really incomprehensible circumstance is that any of these should doubt the futility of their efforts.

Before Mr. Charles C. Marshall began to write, it was assumed that the Holy See began to dream of annexing the United States about the year 798. That date localized, fairly well, the "dark ages" in which clerics were engaged in plotting all sorts of dire things. Now we know that the plot really originated in 1870. During that year the Vatican became conscious of the greatness of the new continent, from which the Indians had gradually been skimmed and placed into neat containers labeled "reservations." Everybody in Rome, understanding that if a country were to be subjugated it might as well be a respectable place, began to prepare for the conquest of the Stars and Stripes. For this reason the liberation of Ireland and Poland were prevented in order that migration might continue; European governments were encouraged to suppress religious orders so that there might be an exodus of monks and sisters westward; and as a result of success in inducing Garibaldi to capture the Seven Hills, Rome managed to keep Italian industry in that deplorable condition which sent millions of workers abroad. More than that. The Curia (or somebody) arranged for giving away the "control" of European nations to the Protestant churches. What was a little suburb like Germany compared with Columbia, the gem of the ocean?

All this policy was inexplicable to the average intelligence, but who can doubt of its success? The Holy Father had only to suggest that getting control of the American republic was "de fide." It is true that he never said this openly, but the essence of the matter was instilled into sundry complicated texts and fortified behind a thousand reservations. The average Catholic might remain as ignorant of them as he liked without destroying their efficacy. There they were and during 1928 they automatically produced Governor Alfred E. Smith, candidate for the Presidency, who will automatically carry out the plan. And what can the strength of mere liberals, fundamentalists and citizens do against the automatic? Perhaps Rome herself is now helpless in the face of the current inaugurated in 1870. The Holy Father and Cardinal Gasparri may set themselves ever so hopefully to the task of recognizing the sovereignty of states. But such is the power of this "secret force" that they will doubtless find it impossible to substitute the Holy City for the new residence now being prepared—all unbeknown to anybody—in Washington. We Catholics have grown accustomed to thinking of world peace, and to doing as many works of charity as our means permit. But politics are politics; and whether we will or no, we must look forward to enlisting in the papal navy and ultimately to invading that untarnished Alabama region where the greatest of modern Cassandras is, no doubt, at this moment contemplating the utterly impossible.

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HENRY STUART: IN MEMORIAM

WITH the deepest personal sorrow we inform our readers that Henry Longan Stuart, assistant-editor of The Commonweal, died in New York City on Sunday, August 26. His illness came so suddenly and the chances for his recovery seemed so bright that the news struck us with the force of an inexplicable blow. In the days when this magazine was as yet only a dream quite remote from any kind of realization, Henry Stuart had already devoted his energies to making it a success. Our first number printed one of his favorite articles. To this he brought unusual care and reflection; but it was only an augury of that constant eagerness to give the best in him which characterized his editorial service here, day in and out, during the years now gone.

No man's career was ever a more consistent blend of hard work and adventure. Born in London in 1875 of Irish parents, he went to Ratcliffe College and after that into the great university of practical journalism. Stuart possessed, however, the legacy of a travel-loving Celtic soul, and so found his way early in life to the United States, where he lived for a time in the "ranchman's West," with horses, mountains and solitude for company. Later he had his share of continental life in France and Italy, where he gained an exceptionally comprehensive knowledge of modern European literature. When the war came he got his commission in the Royal Field Artillery and served on the Italian front during several decisive campaigns. But he knew that he was destined for a literary career and so came back to the United States as soon as peace had been gained. Little by little he earned a reputation for conscientious reporting, honest and scholarly criticism, and judicious writing. He worked on the Boston Herald, wrote a page for the New York Herald Tribune, served the New York Times in several capacities, and impressed himself upon publishers as a man of unusual promise.

Stuart wrote two novels—The Weeping Cross and Fenella—fairly early in life. Both were generously praised by the critics, but for one reason or another the public did not catch on. We are not alone in feeling that the first book will some day be revived for the sake of its rarely perceptive brooding over life, and its treasurable style. At any rate he was soon on friendly terms with the major critics, one of whom—Mr. Van Wyck Brooks—gave him an opportunity to write for the Freeman, and another of whom secured his collaboration for Civilization in the United States, a symposium which stirred up a great deal of talk in its day. All the while Stuart was profoundly conscious of the gulf between his own religious convictions and the life, particularly the intellectual life, round about him. He was of the faithful, not meanly or obtrusively, but ever so simply, firmly and affectionately. The Commonweal was really the opportunity for which he had waited all his life. He owned by instinct rather than as the result of any kind of training the finest kind of kinship with what we term the modern Catholic renaissance. Fond of hard thinking and hostile to every variety of softness, his spirit was infallible in its choice between what is true and clean and what is wrong and soiled, in our contemporary civilization. A crusader to the last, he stood his ground like a cool and practical soldier, happy that others should sound the alarums and wave the banners so long as he could keep the bliss of combat and of marching. Never have stoic and mystic been more intimately interwoven in the same human breast.

Of course his remarkable store of energy found other outlets. It may be said that he loved the precision of the French language and the glow of the Italian speech for their own sakes, wholly apart from the masterpieces of either literature. And so he was happy in giving generously of his leisure in translating good books. He could not always find a publisher for something he admired greatly, but the very list of his versions does him great honor. Paul Claudel and Julian Green, to mention only two authors, owe him a debt for flawless introductions to the American public. His last work—a translation of a life of Christ, not yet ready for publication—is clear proof of his especial fondness for books written "in the presence of God." How steadily he himself lived in that presence is best revealed, perhaps, by his poetry, which he wrote during odd hours and seldom brought to the attention of others. It is poignant to remember that one of his last acts was to make a collection of his lyrics, with a view to satisfying the desires of his associates.

There was true buoyancy and even boyishness in this final effort; and, indeed, Henry Stuart was a young man in spite of his maturity and experience. Recent years had brought to him so much influence and such a number of friendships that, we feel sincerely, a flood of recognition was in store for him. We think this would have been immensely profitable for the American Catholic body as a whole. He was the best possible kind of representative—loyal but infinitely gracious, manifestly a thinker but always, dependably, a friend. In so far as we of The Commonweal are concerned, the loss is, necessarily, more direct and irreparable. There is no one to take his place, for the simple reason that we knew his worth and loved him. Life moves, bringing new hands to the helm, and fresh voices cry out the watches. But this same life presses drops from the heart, taking them and giving nothing in return, so that in the end we shall be ripe for immortality. Upon that high adventure our companion has now set forth. We can only request our friends to ask for him the place of coolness, of light and of peace which the Church begs for those of her children who have gone out toward rest and resurrection.

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WHAT I SAW IN MEXICO

I. THE CHARACTER OF CALLES

By WILLIAM FLEWELLYN SAUNDERS

(William Flewellyn Saunders, who is writing these articles on the Mexican situation for The Commonweal, was brought up in the Methodist Church, his father having been a circuit rider in Georgia. He is a Knight Templar and a Shriner. He was a Republican election commissioner and Assistant Postmaster in St. Louis, Secretary of the St. Louis Business Men's League and St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and during the war manager of the Missouri Council of Defense. He was for several years Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce in the City of Mexico.—The Editors.)

IT MUST seem strange that, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, President Plutarco Elias Calles with his mind fixed on holding his power in Mexico, should persist in his effort to make it appear that the Catholic Church was responsible for the assassination of President-Elect Alvaro Obregon.

Of the 15,000,000 people in Mexico, about 14,500,000 are Catholics, so that it is not remarkable that the murderer should be a Catholic. But there is not the least reason for believing that the Catholic Church instigated the crime, or even that Catholic sentiment in Mexico desired the removal of General Obregon. Indeed, the Church had every reason to hope for an agreement with the government as soon as Obregon had become President, and to expect a restoration of the modus vivendi under which, when Obregon was President of Mexico from 1920 to 1924, the Church functioned as it did under President Diaz.

It is true that General Obregon, when he took the City of Mexico in 1915 as a revolutionist, imprisoned priests, tried to extort money from them, and otherwise treated them cruelly. It is also true that in his book, Twenty Thousand Kilometers in the Field, which describes his military career, he alludes exultantly to the execrations of the priests, by which he said he was followed all through his campaigns. But it is a fact that as soon as he became President, he changed his policy of opposition to the Church and became entirely tolerant of all religions. Moreover, I happen to know, having once talked with General Obregon on this subject, that while professing publicly his support of the Calles religious policies, he believed that the deep discontent and the disturbances in the country were due largely to the religious laws, and felt that the confidence of capital could not be regained until the friction on this score ceased.

Yet President Calles, entirely without proof of his charge, followed his first public accusation that the Church had inspired the assassination by a telegram he sent to all his military chiefs in Mexico, beginning, "At this moment, when a criminal hand, armed by the Catholic clergy, has plunged the whole nation into grief—"And the leader of C. R. O. M., the Mexican confederation of labor, which now, since the Secretary of Labor, Luis Morones, has fled from the country, is entirely under the control of President Calles, comes before the people with a statement saying that the murder was instigated "by elements of the Catholic clergy."

To understand the reason for the ferocity with which the attacks on the Catholic Church and the Catholics have been made and kept up by President Calles, one must know something of the man.

He was born in a little town in the state of Sonora, and grew up under a social stigma which he felt bitterly all through his youth, brooded over and thought the Catholic Church might have removed. Before he became a politican and a soldier, he was a schoolmaster, knowing little more than his pupils. At one time he owned an interest in a grist mill. This is all the business experience he has ever had.

He is about fifty years old, five feet eight inches in height, heavily built, big boned, with harsh features, deep, rough voice, no smile, black hair and eyes; is slow in speech, in movement and in decision. He impresses one at first sight as a man of low intelligence but crafty and and of grim determination. We should call him in this country half-educated, since he has read little and has thought little about any problems except those of his own country. He has never traveled out of Mexico excepting for one trip that he made to Germany a few years ago, passing through New York.

I first saw General Calles shortly after the De la Huerta revolution, when I called on President Obregon with some committee. He came to meet us on the veranda of Chapultepec Castle. General Calles followed President Obregon. He was unshaven, wore no collar, was very roughly dressed and his shoes were dirty. Some one in the party said to the rest, "That's Calles. He is going to be the next President." I looked at him and replied, "I don't believe it possible."

Calles had been a general in the army, fighting for President Obregon against De la Huerta, and the army talk was that he was lacking in courage. At that time I believed this, but I changed my mind afterwards. The man has courage. During all the feverish days of 1926, when threats against his life were being made and he knew it, he drove every day in an automobile from Chapultepec Castle to the National Palace, by the same streets. He is a fatalist, and never seems nervous.

President Calles came into manhood with deep grudges against the Catholic Church, the aristocracy

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of Mexico and the foreigner. He hates the whole philosophy of religion, and any religion that has a God and a Christ he regards with the view of the Russian government, as "the opium of the people." Moreover, he knows that the Catholic Church is a conservative force in Mexico, and he believes that it is the strongest dam opposing the progress of his radical socialistic policies.

No religious services were held at the funeral of his wife in the City of Mexico last year, although she was a Catholic; and when the body of the flyer, Carranza, was taken from the United States to Mexico no Masses were said either here or in that country. This was by order of the government, although the family of Carranza is Catholic and would, had they been consulted, have had the usual church ceremonies.

Now, imagine this man, with these ideas, becoming President of Mexico, and seeing that at last he had the power, with all the money of the country to pay a strong army, to carry out the plans he had nursed in his mind for many years. He lost little time in putting them into execution. He struck at the Church through the religious decree. He struck at the aristocracy by intensifying the agrarian seizures. He struck at the foreigner by the anti-alien law.

In 1917, the Congress gave President Carranza the power to legislate, and since this was in the time of the great war, it was in conformity with articles 29 and 49 of the constitution of 1917; but when Congress, under pressure from Presidents Obregon and Calles, gave to both of them the same extraordinary power to legislate, in a time of peace, that was in direct violation of these two articles, and all the decrees issued by these two Presidents are illegal.

At the time of the religious decree of President Calles, dated August 1, 1926, all the churches in Mexico, both Protestant and Catholic, were open and were being served by priests and preachers, both native and foreign. All the schools were going on, the parochial schools of the Catholics, the schools maintained by the Protestant denominations, the private schools of the several nationalities which have colonies in Mexico, and the government schools. The nuns went about their devotions in the convents and attended to their work of charity and of nursing outside the convents. The church bells rang on Sundays and on the holy days, and the priests, the preachers and the sisters of the religious orders walked on the streets in the garb of their profession as they pleased. The Catholic Church and the Protestant denominations owned and managed property both in the cities and in the country, not only churches but plantations, farms and houses. Priests and preachers owned property personally, too.

This, in spite of all the effort that had been made by the government, beginning with 1859, to repress religious influence and activity in Mexico. The Juarez Leyes de la Reforma, of 1859, the consolidated laws of President Tejada, of 1874, and the Mexican constitutions of 1857 and 1917, all had as their essence these provisions: 1. No religious denomination could own property; 2. No religious denomination could maintain schools; 3. There should be neither monasteries nor convents in Mexico; 4. Foreigners could not officiate as priests nor as preachers.

But the feeling of the people for the Church was too strong for the government, and these laws were never enforced. President Diaz, during his thirty-five years of rule, ignored them, and so did the Presidents who succeeded him, Madero, Juerta, Carranza, De la Huerta and Obregon. These Presidents were never inclined even to enforce them, knowing that they would be highly unpopular. Then President Calles came and issued the decree of August 1, 1926. It fell like a thunderbolt on Mexico, because nobody had believed it possible that such a thing could be done. Only thirty days' notice was given to prepare, and nobody prepared. The enforcement of the decree was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, who had been picked by President Calles for this very purpose, a man of unsurpassed record in Mexico for immorality, drunkenness and brutality. He had been the Governor of the state of Vera Cruz, and in the little town of Jalapa, the capital of Vera Cruz, men and women feared him and little children ran when he approached. Tejada is now again the Governor of Vera Cruz, and is being supported by President Calles to succeed himself as Provisional President next December.

The army obeyed the directions of Secretary Tejada. Every general in command of a district received orders to enforce the decree sternly, and it was understood that there would be no censuring review of any harsh action. It followed that all through Mexico for the next few months martial law prevailed, and machine guns and firing squads really ruled the country. To be known as a priest or as a Knight of Columbus was to be under suspicion and in danger of imprisonment, banishment or worse. Men, youths and even women were killed for resisting the edict. For several months the only church that functioned normally in Mexico was the Christian Science church in the City of Mexico, and that because that denomination has no preachers, only lay readers. Some Protestant churches made feeble efforts to carry on services with volunteers from the congregation presiding. The pastor of the Union church and the rector of the Episcopal church in the City of Mexico went back to the United States. The Catholic churches for a while were closed entirely, and then were reopened, guarded by soldiers, the people being allowed to enter and to pray before the altars. There was not a priest nor a nun to be seen on the streets in Mexico. They had disappeared. There were fights frequently in the City of Mexico and in the country between the soldiers, well-armed, and the rebels against the decree, armed with clubs and stones.

The outcry against the decree was so great, both in Mexico and abroad, that I think President Calles

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was himself astonished. He had not anticipated such difficulty in enforcing it, nor such sympathy for the Church. For a time he really feared a revolution, and had his army ready to meet it. Once he accused the mild Archbishop Mora, of Mexico, of trying to foment a revolution, and the Archbishop replied to some newspapermen who asked him about this,

"You all know that were I to stand up in that cathedral and lift my hand I could bring about a revolution in twenty-four hours, but, on the contrary, I have advised submission to the decree."

And we, living in the City of Mexico, all knew that this was true. What could those poor people have done, unarmed and unorganized, against the army and machine guns and bayonets? Yet, because he feared that centre of Catholic influence, President Calles first banished the Archbishop's secretary, and his right hand, the Bishop of Tabasco, Pascual Diaz, and then the venerable Archbishop himself. Defending himself against criticism from foreign countries, President Calles issued a statement saying that his decree had merely put into effect the provisions of the Mexican constitution of 1917. This was not true. Neither that constitution nor any of the preceding religious laws of Mexico had intended to forbid a priest or a preacher from officiating without first submitting his qualifications to an official of the Mexican government and being authorized by that official to act—that would make a political machine of the priesthood; to forbid a priest or a preacher from owning property personally; to forbid a priest or a preacher from appearing on the streets in clerical attire; to forbid religious services in a home. Yet the illegal decree of President Calles is being enforced today with all these prohibitions.

The property of the Catholic churches in lands, houses and haciendas in Mexico is being appropriated by government officials as fast as it is found. The constitution provides that anyone who finds church property may lay claim to it and that the claim will be allowed by the government.

The Protestants have fared better than the Catholic Church with respect to the expropriation of their property, and I am ashamed to think that this is because leaders of the Protestant Church came to Mexico during the exciting first days of the religious disturbances and declared themselves publicly in favor of the policies of President Calles. It is hard for me to realize that men professing the gentle religion of Jesus Christ should be so callous to the suffering of more than 14,000,000 people. For everyone who has been in a Catholic church in Mexico during the celebration of a Mass and has seen the devotion of the worshipers, or has dropped into a church during an afternoon, and has watched a poorly clad porter praying with outflung arms before the image of a Christ, must understand what suffering the withdrawal of this religion is causing in thousands of little homes in Mexico.

The religious boycott, or buyers' strike, which followed the decree of President Calles, proved to be a very effective means of showing him how deeply the people resented it. The newspapers dared not print the call for the boycott, but it was secretly printed, and for a time was sent through the mails, even. When the post-office stopped that, the circulars were slipped under the doors of houses, or handed to people on the streets furtively. This boycott was felt severely by business houses in the smaller towns of Mexico, and even in the City of Mexico. Fewer automobiles ran, restaurants and theatres were nearly empty, the clerks stood idle in department stores, and the government lost heavily in stamp taxes. In the interior of the country, the women went about in black and there were few parties or dinners. The government showed fierce resentment of the boycott and punished with severity men, women and children engaged in aiding it in any way. To find out who they were, spies were employed, men and women, often of high social position, who were paid such large sums that they were tempted to betray their friends. But the spies were discovered and were socially ostracized. This buyers' strike is still felt, especially in the smaller towns.

Early in August, a few days after the decree was proclaimed, a friend of mine, a Protestant, who has a hacienda a few miles outside of the City of Mexico, with a number of buildings containing sleeping quarters for his workmen, was driving a truck in the outskirts of the city, when he passed a convent and saw soldiers armed with rifles, in command of an officer with an automatic, herding seventeen nuns out of a convent into the street. He stopped his truck and watched. The women huddled in a group on the street, and the soldiers locked the doors of the convent and went away, leaving two men on guard. The nuns were bewildered. They did not know the city streets and had nowhere to go, and they had only bundles of clothing hastily wrapped up when the soldiers came and ordered them out of the convent.

My friend accosted them and asked them if they would like to go to his ranch, saying that they could have a home there until they could get word to their friends. Then he helped them into his truck and drove them out to his hacienda, where he gave them a building and furnished it sufficiently for their needs. They were his guests for several weeks, never walking outside, stunned with grief, but he got word to their supporters and, two or three at a time, they were taken to private homes.

There were three boys in Colima, none of them older than sixteen, who were caught by soldiers distributing circulars asking Catholics to refrain from buying in the shops—the boycott circulars, they were called. The officer in charge of these soldiers stood these boys up against a wall, with no trial. "Now, shout 'Viva Calles!' " he ordered. Two of the trembling youngsters obeyed. The third screamed defiantly, "Viva Christo Rey!" The officer ordered one of the soldiers to cut the tongue out of the boy's

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mouth. This order was executed, and then all three were shot.

This news came to the City of Mexico newspapers by telegraph and the censors forbade its publication. The editor of Excelsior, one of the leading morning papers of the city, was so outraged by the inhuman deed that he defied the censorship and printed a double leaded editorial article in large type, running across two columns, alluding to the barbarity under the head, The Wave of Blood, and beginning with the words, "When will this wave of blood cease?" This editor has since been banished from Mexico.

One evening a Mexican lady, a friend of ours, came to see us and asked me, "Señor, do you remember those two students who sat at the table with you when you boarded with me?"

"Very well," I answered, "one studying law and the other medicine."

"Yes," she went on, "Their father was a famous doctor of his town, and a Knight of Columbus, and people came to see him and talk about our trouble. At two o'clock in the morning, last week, soldiers came and got him and put him in a truck, and drove away from the house. They went to the house of an undertaker and knocked on his door and told him to come down to the plaza and get a corpse. Then they drove the doctor to the plaza and shot him and left his body lying there."

"What was the charge?" I asked.

"Nobody knew. He was a Catholic and he was so beloved in the town that two thousand people went to his funeral."

"Two thousand people went to his funeral," I repeated. "What else did they do?"

"Señor," she answered, "What could they do?"

And that was the truth. What could they do? A garrison there; the soldiers armed with machine guns and ready to turn them loose on the townspeople the minute there appeared any sign of organization.

"What has become of those two young men?" I asked.

"One of them is in hiding and the other has joined the bandits."

One Sunday morning I was sitting in my office, writing on my paper, in which, by the way, I never dared print a word of the most exciting things that were going on in Mexico. A friend of mine came in.

"I've just got a jolt," he said, "and I took two drinks on my way down from the Hotel Regis, to get over it."

"What has happened?" I asked.

"I was standing in front of the hotel watching the automobiles pass, on Avenida Juarez, when along came a file of soldiers, guarding five priests whom they were taking to Colonia station. They were going to the penitentiary on the west coast. Many women were following the soldiers and the priests, praying and crying and calling on God to help them and save the priests. One of the women got too close and the captain in command drew his pistol and slammed her in the face. The blood gushed all over her and she fell out, but the rest of the women followed at a greater distance."

"Going to the penitentiary, were they? What had they done?"

"I don't know. They were just priests."

There was not one word in any newspaper about this incident, although it was seen by many.

In this article I have concerned myself only with the religious matters in Mexico. In my next I want to tell how the people of the world, and especially of the United States, are deceived as to what is going on in Mexico by the unconstitutional censorship there, and by Mexican publicity bureaus in foreign countries.

A LIGHT THAT FAILED

By JOSEPH M. EGAN

THE moral issues of Imperialism, nationalism, economic rivalry and war are, of course, a problem for the teaching Church. And it is a truism to say that our great need is to prove the existence of a moral law and its application to politics, to equip individuals with a clear knowledge of its precepts, and to control governments and foreign policies by a well-informed public conscience.

Now to state this need is to state the aims of a growing movement within the Catholic Church. This movement is concerned with the morality of international relations. It has little to say of how nations agree to act, much of how they are bound to act by what it calls the law of nations. The law of nations, in this sense, is the application of the eternal and natural law and rests on neither custom, precedent nor agreement. It is what is sometimes called natural international law as distinguished from positive international law.

To say that this movement is found in the Catholic Church does not mean that Catholic scholars offer the law for acceptance on the merits of the Church, but on its own. One need not be Jewish to accept the natural law on theft and murder made positive in the Decalogue. And one is not committed to any ecclesiastical sympathies by sharing with Catholicism these same precepts extended to our collectivity. Forgotten in many quarters, neglected by many who have not denied them in principle, the ideas of international morality have found their resting place in the Catholic school. Would that they had found something more there! Still, the tradition of principle—however

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neglected in practice—has been continuous from Augustine to Gratian, from Gratian to Aquinas, from Aquinas to Vittoria and Suarez, and so on to contemporary theologian and canonist, though in decreasing majesty and volume.

The reassertion by Leo XIII of pre-Reformation moral ideas in economics and the response he awakened gave hope of a similar revival of the principles of international morality. The pontificate of Pius X saw many priests and laymen at work in this matter. One might instance the publications of Vanderpol, the efforts of the French Catholic League for the Preservation of Peace to form an international organization to spread the ideas of the Christian law of nations, the response of Catholic scholars from ten nations, the congress at Louvain in 1913 to draw up plans for practical work, and the meeting that was to be held at Liége during the fateful August of 1914. In England the text-book and pamphlets of the Catholic Social Guild and now our own Catholic Association for International Peace make valuable contributions to the widespread movement. Here, then, are hopeful efforts. But where will they find coördination and leadership? The labors of a few students, the work of small societies, are weak weapons to change a world.

To give these ideas universality and force the "already established ecclesiastical media" are eminently fitted. The problem is how to start them in the task and what forms their activity may take. This is not a new situation. The story of what Pius IX called the first stone of such a project might bear retelling. It is the story of an attempt to have the Catholic Church lead a movement in favor of international morality already initiated by private students and small organizations. And it is the story, not of a calculating effort of the Church to gain political ascendancy at the expense of a bungling rival, the secular state (as one of our New York weeklies feared was the case in Benedict XV's peace note) but of the work of a Scottish Protestant supported by many English non-Catholics, and aided by the coöperation of the sultan of Turkey.

David Urquhart, the father of this ill-fated attempt, should rank as one of the major prophets of the nineteenth century. It is sad that his chief monument should be the Turkish bath which he introduced into England. When, in 1869, he set out for the Vatican Council it was to make the crowning effort of a life which had devoted everything of energy and fortune to the restoration of morality in international relations. A strange figure at a general council! If the Vatican had had its Richental, as Constance had, he would have stopped long at the Tempietto, 17 Via Sistina, to hear from Urquhart the striking story of his road to Rome and to marvel at the long procession of churchmen finding their way to the house to take counsel with this Protestant. Born in Scotland sixty-four years earlier—though his youthful appearance belied it—educated in a way that, at all events, did not mold him into irreparable acquiesence in the thought of his epoch, with a strong and early reverence for law possibly fostered by his older friend Jeremy Bentham, he found his vocation, or what he called his conversion, in the East. In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, he tells of a conversation with a Turkish soldier in which the Moslem's complete obedience to principles of justice and legality in war shamed the Christian's no less complete disregard of them. This indictment of himself Urquhart saw was an indictment of all the nations of Europe. And thereafter the aim of his life was to convert the West to international justice.

The conviction that the Moslem world was morally superior to Europe was deepened by patient study of Turkish households and industry, Turkish social intercourse and the Turkish state, where law was held inviolable, where no military or civil subordinate need obey an order which was not seen to accord with law, where war must be declared by the Ulema, a body considered intellectually and morally fit to decide on the justice or injustice of so tremendous a step, where the sultan could demand no military obedience apart from such a decision, and where Mohammed IV was put to death for seeking military advantage by breaking a truce with Austria. To throw the contents of many of his pages into a few lines, one would say that three things became for him the watchwords of his task—justice, truth and courtesy. Justice was the full respect for the rights of others in private life, in economic life, in political life, in war, in peace. It rests on and is known by reason. It is maintained by truth, which compels humility and the honest and accurate use of words, and by courtesy, which prevents the extremes of insolence, familiarity and servility.

Whether Urquhart's rosy view of Turkish civilization be accurate or not, when he returned to England he was struck by the contrast between what he claimed to find in the East and what he undoubtedly found in the West. It was the England of the factory system, of the Chinese wars, of conditions which recalled Burke's earlier dictum—"It is one of the signs of a degenerate age, and one of the means of ensuring its further degeneracy, to give lenient names to crimes." To recognize the evil had been Urquhart's first step. His second was to know that the social and political principles he had learned in the East were principles of Christianity too, and had been used in the middle-ages.

Bravely he set to work. He must strip men of pride and self-love that they might see that they were wrong and be willing to be right. Then they must study the application of justice and force its precepts on governments. And when international morality prevailed, social and economic injustice would vanish. His allies he chose by preference among the workers. They had most to gain. But to men filled with ideas of Corn Laws, Chartism, high prices and low wages, the

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priority of international morality over votes and social legislation was a hard saying. Yet he made his converts, disciplined them in humility and truth like any novice master, set them lessons in Vattel and other writers in international law, and welded them into associations to promote justice between states by pressure on the home government and persuasion of foreign powers.

But the insufficiency of all this was obvious. As an instrument he needed some international agency, and the Christian and mediaeval character of his ideas suggested the Catholic Church. As early as 1839 he had terrified some of his friends and bewildered the rector of Stonyhurst by proposing that the intelligence and power of the Jesuits be devoted to the restoration of international morality. And in the closing years of Gregory XVI's reign so favorable an impression did he make on Cappacini, a papal nuncio to Lisbon with whom he had several interviews in London, that this prelate undertook to further Urquhart's plan of a diplomatic college in Rome where the principles of international morality and the facts of international politics would be studied, and a body of experts created who could proclaim justice to ears howsoever deaf. But just as Urquhart was to visit Rome in response to an invitation to confer with the Holy Father, Gregory died. Despite this setback Urquhart continued to pin his hopes to the Papacy. Time convinced him the more that Rome, only Rome, was the fit instrument, a conviction born of the fact that here was a power, an international power, a power committed by duty, interest and tradition to such ideas as his, a power with ability to act and to accomplish.

He was not, however, moving toward a Catholic credo. Urquhart's theology was peculiar, and the current of the Oxford Movement left him untouched—a religion of pews and surplices he dubbed it, though he made his visit to Littlemore and found some understanding there. Time was likewise winning him many Catholic friends. Manning and Ullathorne approved his ideas, and in Rome the question of the diplomatic college again received attention. Above all, time was making Urquhart's ideas more definite. Living now in France, he met Catholics who not only understood him but who taught him. From theologians he learned the full store of Catholic teaching on political morality. And from canonists he learned what he considered one of the great discoveries of his life, viz., that the natural law on international relations had been written into a code long ago, that the middle-ages had not been making haphazard applications of general principles but that Popes and theologians had been commenting and acting upon actual prescriptions of a positive law. With greater hope he turned from the bulky wisdom of the theologians to the canon law, and his central idea became to rescue these forgotten portions of it from oblivion, bind the Catholic millions to the observance of them, and with this leaven convert the world.

In an impulsive outburst he wrote:

> Turning back three centuries we find the Church of Rome, whether by its great writers, the teachings of its priests and the decrees of its councils, standing forth resplendently to oppose the will of God to the passions of men and denouncing in unmeasured and unmistakable terms that particular form of perpetration in which those passions found their most malignant beat and their widest field. Then, as if collapsing after an effort, a dead and terrible silence ensues and propagates itself over ten generations, during which, with the solitary exception of the notes to Ferraris by the monks of Monte Cassino, not an indication is to be found of so much as the preservation of the tradition of the past. Nor is this all. In the interval, from catechism after catechism are expunged the words hateful to the powerful and ambitious; and thus the ecclesiastical body, passing to the other camp, has placed itself in the daily pursuit of its ordinary routine, whether negatively in the instruction of the young, or affirmatively in the practice of the confessional, in permanent revolt against the Church which in the person of the last general council decreed those teachings and in them that rule of confession which they have set aside.

What was to be done? That a French lawyer write a book, that French priests propose to write the ethics of war into catechisms that pious societies be formed to further the revival, that the hard-worked committees in England turn to the study of canon law, meant little unless the Papacy act. The magnificent Syllabus of Pius IX with its peremptory condemnation of the principle of non-intervention and of the divorce of ethics and politics made him know that Rome had not corrupted her principles and that however silent the Papacy had been in the midst of the dechristianization of politics, at least principles in Rome were still native and beloved. Then came the call for the General Council of the Vatican. Here was the great opportunity. The Council must restore the law.

With none does Urquhart share the credit of leadership, though the documents seldom bear his name. The Ad Summum Pontificem ut Jus Gentium Restauretur Viri Protestantici Appellatio was his first step. In this work, published in Latin, French and English Urquhart explained his ideas and besought the Pope to act. This was very well received in Rome. But the difficulty was to have the proposal properly introduced. A Protestant layman could not initiate a matter of business at a general council. The work of the Council was to be based on the proposals (Postulata) of the bishops. And what bishops would sponsor a bold challenge to European statecraft? In Europe Urquhart's episcopal allies held prudence in high repute. But in the East something might be done. The bishops living under Turkish rule might be free to help. Having approached the Turkish government to obtain freedom and encouragement for the bishops, he turned to the Armenian prelates, many of whom he knew. To them he sent a messenger representing officially not so much himself as some French churchmen and the English workers, and he induced the Armenians to accept

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a Postulatum which he wrote. The Armenian synod then sent the Postulatum to their vicar in Rome. Thus, preceded by his appeal to the Pope, assured of friends in Rome, and with the Postulatum ready, Urquhart went to Rome himself. Of his varied intercourse with the prelates of the Council, his ardent propaganda, his audience with the Pope, the results were these: the eastern bishops presented the Postulatum Synodi Patriarchalis Armenorum de Re Militari et Bello, a similar one, less detailed, was signed by forty Latin bishops, petitions not only from Catholic but from Protestant laity poured in, the Holy Father gave approval, the counciliar commission empowered to deal with such matters accepted the Postulatum, the curriculum of the diplomatic college was drawn up by Urquhart, and the General of the Jesuits agreed to give Urquhart three men to begin the work. While there was apathy and opposition, his general experience of Rome was more than encouraging. It was there that, to his great delight, he actually met a man who lived up to his ideas of dignity, courtesy and deportment. It was the Archbishop of New York with whom he spent an hour, "the first man of dignity I have met here, and the first with whom there was no attempt at shaking hands."

But this is the story of a failure. Criticism Urquhart naturally expected and had. The "what can we do—we have no armies to send about to enforce these ideas" of Antonelli, the resentment of some at this intrusion of a Protestant layman into the affairs of the Church, the opposition to a proclamation which might be barren of results, the Pan-Slavs' fear that their political dreams might be checked, Gallican unwillingness to question the acts of governments, all these ranged powerful foes against him. But not these so much as the unexpected turn of events fought against Urquhart. The months of waiting for the day when the proposal would come to debate in the Council were anxious ones. But the fervid activity shown to us in the published parts of Mrs. Urquhart's diary and in Urquhart's letters could not cease. With unbounded confidence he retired to Savoy to await the good news that never came. The long-drawn debates on the dogmatic constitutions, the Franco-Prussian war and the adjournment of the Council, made the question of the law of nations unfinished business.

We have not to follow Urquhart's later efforts. Neither he nor Rome forgot. Great churchmen like Monsignor Franchi kept in touch with him. In France his influence grew and the writings and the organizations of French sympathizers continued. In England some interested disciples did not falter. After Urquhart's death his wife and friends hoped that Leo XIII, whose encyclicals embodied some of the Postulata of the Vatican, might do something. Then less and less was heard and Urquhart bade fair to be forgotten. Recently one hears of him again. I can never pick up Amiel's Journal without wondering if David Urquhart knew him. They lived near each other, the one in Geneva, the other in the neighboring heights above St. Gervais. At a time when Amiel was confiding sterile lament to his Journal and pointing out to himself the evils of the age, Urquhart, free from the spiritual paralysis of Amiel's latent Buddhism, was laying ungentle hands on those same evils and looking about manfully for a remedy. And there is a passage in the Journal which might well be Urquhart's epitaph:

> A man may be isolated in his own particular and temporary milieu but every one of our thoughts or feelings finds, has found, and will find its echo in humanity. Such an echo is immense and farsounding in the case of these representative men who have been adopted by great fractions of humanity as guides, revealers, reformers.

May we not hope this will be true of Urquhart if someone takes up his interrupted work to have the Catholic Church find satisfaction for that moral and social interest which the heavy memories of recent wars make the political passion of the day?

In Eden Closes

In Eden closes
  Forever blow
Immortal roses
  From earth below.

Blossoms undying
  From fields and sedges
That echoed, sighing,
  Their earth-born pledges,

Each plaintive lover—
  Faithless or true—
There shall discover
  Blooming anew.

There Helen shall awake,
  Cleansed of regrets,
In a blue misty lake
  Of violets;

Balkis the Beautiful
  Where the cool rill is
Shall from the waters pull
  Pale yellow lilies;

Guinevere break again
  Bright boughs of thorn—
Solacing so the pain
  In her heart borne;

There shall that sombre queen—
  Dark Egypt's daughter—
Lotuses pluck by green
  Fish-haunted water;

Sappho, unseared now by
  Love's bitter fever,
On kindly poppies lie
  Bedded forever.

In Eden's gardens
  Flowers shall be
The lovely wardens
  Of ecstasy.

JOAN RAMSAY.

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GOD'S HOBO

By VIDA D. SCUDDER

THE interior life seldom inspires great poetry. Dante is perhaps the only world poet whose dominant theme is spiritual; for Paradise Lost does not owe its interest to its religion, and Virgil, Shakespeare, Goethe, are men of the visible and tangible order, albeit this order cannot be treated adequately as they treat it unless light from another shine in it sometimes. The exclusively religious poet is rare, and people should cherish him. They should cherish Jacopone—Big Jim of the little Umbrian town Todi that sits so picturesquely on its hill.

Few poets have revealed more poignantly than Jacopone the intense reality of the life within. He bears his part in the santa conversazione held down the ages by such people as Boethius, the great Latin hymnodists, the seventeenth-century mystics like Crashaw; Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell. The Franciscan year just passed should have brought him into the foreground. Indeed, before that time the critical edition of Ferri had made him accessible, and Evelyn Underhill's delightful study, accompanied by the translation of many important Lauds, was a treasure for English readers.

The thirteenth century is rich in arresting personalities. Nowhere do they abound more than in the ardent group of Zealots or Spirituals among the Brothers Minor—men who shared Saint Francis's passionate loyalty to the Church, and also his conviction that perfect obedience to Christ means breaking perilous trails in the "Selva Oscura" of earthly life. Jacopone the poet and Angelo Clareno the reformer and historian are two such men.

Jacopone is a great mystic, but after the normal Franciscan fashion he is no recluse. Before his conversion, he had been a prosperous lawyer. Everyone knows the story of that conversion, and although neither his poetry nor the earliest authentic records bear trace of it, we cannot afford to disbelieve so telling a legend. Let us think of the clever man of the world, no longer in his first youth, confronted by the sudden terrible death of the young wife of a year, whom he had like to deck in gay raiment. Let us watch him discover beneath her pretty robes the sackcloth of penitence, and shocked into instant revulsion of his whole being from the things of flesh and sense to the things of God. Perhaps he was mad for a time; we need not dwell on humorous and loving anecdotes of his quaint eccentricities. Jacopone was not the only man in tempestuous mediaeval Italy to present religious concepts through acted parables, and to seek, with what our sober days might call hysterical excitement, to make himself a fool for Christ.

For ten years—a Franciscan tertiary but not yet a friar—he knocked about Italy, a sort of religious hobo. They were years of incalculable value to him as man and as poet. At Bologna, where he would have made his legal studies, he must have come in contact with educated men like Guido Guinicelli, their verse in the vulgar tongue all delicate learning and intricate art. Now he met the populace, and found poetry springing in their hearts. Perhaps he wandered with the Laudesi—groups of simple folk roaming at this time around Italy, singing the praises of God. They had much to teach him, for he was to be the greatest of all writers of Lauds.

In these years he came to know the folk, and the knowledge got into his racy verses. It is natural to associate with this period certain poems relentless in their humorous depicting of human life from the womb to the tomb, the miseries of age, the vanities of women, the sins and vices of simple existence in the open. Roughly written, these poems, but effective. They show the knowledge of everyday life which the friars possessed, as a purely contemplative order cannot do. For the sons of Francis, especially at first, moved around among people freely, were famous at promoting marriages and cracking jokes, gave a hand at any odd job, liked to do menial work, and were often viewed with sharp disapproval by the respectable clergy. Jacopone was even less restricted than the friars. He worked off his first religious excitement in these wandering years when he would have been between forty and fifty years old.

But after ten years of this sort, he made a sacrifice doubtless not easy for him. He sought and with some difficulty obtained admission to the order as a regular friar. By this time the order of Francis had lost its originality. It had become conventional, and Jacopone sought admission to a very conventional convent. For the house at Todi where he was professed, and where he now spent ten quiet years, followed the relaxed rule, and would have been far from sympathizing with the extravagancies of the Zealots. Jacopone belonged to that party—the brothers who sought literally to follow Francis, and as they claimed, Jesus, by repudiating communal as well as personal property. Yet he seems to have made a friar acceptable to his brothers, though they must have found his unpleasant austerities hard to live with. Perhaps he deliberately subjected himself to the discipline involved in a common life in order to check his waywardness, realizing that, as Miss Underhill says, when sense has been subdued, the will may all the more need sharp curbing. There are touches about liberty in poems presumably of this period, pointing out how true liberty can only be found in subjection.

He was a lay brother; probably he felt nearer so to Francis, for the dear saint had meant his order primar-

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ily for laymen, and would hardly have welcomed the clerical stamp which, to the dismay of the Zealots, it was now carrying. But Jacopone was not ignorant. His poems, for all their divine simplicity, evince distinct learning. The distilled philosophy, derived from Augustine and the neo-Platonists, was probably acquired in these convent years. Many Lauds which show the growing insight of the contemplative must belong to this period. He was becoming known in the order and at the end of this time we find him a prominent figure, and a leader of the extremists.

He was drawn out of his quiet into the tumult of political and ecclesiastical struggle. The vagrant penitent, the student recluse, now becomes a fighter, and the poems written through the fighting years show that he has still his share of unsanctified human nature. If we may judge from early notices, his contemporaries thought of him as man of action rather than as poet.

The excitement began when Peter Morrone, a mild, good old hermit, was to his own horror and the amazement of the world, called to the Chair of Peter in 1294 and became Pope Celestine. A saint, a contemplative, as Pope! The sight fulfilled the longing of unworldly Christians; the Franciscan Zealots above all rejoiced with trembling. Perhaps Jacopone had already known Peter Morrone; at all events, he addressed to him a poem vibrating with anxiety and tenderness. What will you do, Peter Morrone? You have come to your test indeed! We shall see what your contemplations in your cell amounted to!

At first it seemed that they had amounted to a good deal. And Celestine tried to protect the religious radicals. Jacopone emerges into light, signing with others a petition for the restoration in the order of the primitive rule; in so doing, he did not defy his authorities, for Raymundo Gaufridi, the Minister General, favored the demand. But the time was too late for it. What Celestine did was to encourage the brothers who wished to live more severely to form an independent group; he organized them under the title the Poor Hermits of Pope Celestine. Jacopone and some other Zealots refused to avail themselves of this solution. They wished to reform, not to abandon, Francis's order. But Celestine meant well.

Soon, however, it became evident that he was not going to meet his test. Confused, miserable, inadequate, he insisted on resigning his position—thereby making the Great Refusal immortalized by Dante, and disappointing some of the highest hopes in Christendom; but when did a saint ever make an effective statesman? He was succeeded by Boniface VIII, and then the storm broke. Many Zealots, with the powerful Colonna cardinals behind them, insisted that Celestine's resignation was illegal, and that Boniface was therefore no true Pope. Jacopone is with them. We are on historic ground when we find him signing a statement against Boniface. He is at Rome now, our recluse, he is at Palestrina in the fortress where the excommunicated Colonna are defending themselves against the enraged Boniface. They are worsted, and Boniface throws Jacopone into prison. It is a noisome prison. He stays in it five years.

So Jacopone, too, came to the test. And from his prison he addressed some terrible poems to Boniface. Our friar did not like stink and vermin any better because he had mortified the flesh of his own will; like the rest of us, he wished to choose his discipline himself. He pleaded passionately for release; but his chief anguish is not physical torture, but loss of the sacraments.

These prison poems are Lauds of bitterness. Poignant as the Ballad of Reading Gaol, they should be read in connection with others in which Jacopone pours out his sorrow over the sins of the Church. Jesus Christ laments over her. He is the Sun, but the Church, the moon that should reflect his light, is darkened. Three foes obscure her—avarice, false learning, greed for rapts and marvels. The flood rises—God help the faithful to swim! The heart-broken criticism of all the Spirituals is in the scathing verse. But they love her still. To Jacopone, she is the "nobilissima mamma," weeping for the sins of her bastard sons, and a shivering fear of heresy plays through the lines.

Jacopone, an old man now, was only released on the death of Boniface. His sunset was peaceful. He died in 1306 in a convent of Poor Clares, and the Church, often gloriously magnanimous to those who criticize her, has placed him among the blessed. We cannot date his Lauds closely, but it is probable that the most profound were written either from prison or after his release. An old man of seventy writing immortal verse? Why not, if his spirit lives in that vera patria, fatherland of the soul, where eternal youth abides?

Many people regret the harsh poems of his prison years. They have even tried to prove that the most acrid passages are not his. For myself, I am grateful that he gives us poetry not only of attainment but of conflict. He is more human so, and I think the greater poet. The fierce religious reformer, outraged by the defects of the Church he loves and crying out in protest against the way he is himself treated, is no less dear to me than the serene mystic, the humorous satirist or the joyous troubador of God. All these aspects meet in Jacopone.

It may seem strange that his poems, with their penitential cries, their angry invective, their plaintive complaint, to say nothing of their grim pictures of life, should be called Lauds—Praises. Yet they are accurately named. The recurrent impulse of the soul living as Francis wished by the Gospel rule of poverty, is joy; and we do well to discover that joy is consonant with the whole gamut of experience. The Jubilo rose in Jacopone's heart, for the storm-tossed mass of his verse is shot through by the consciousness that man moves in a world redeemed. Rarely has the charm and compelling power of the Catholic life been more luminously rendered, and rarely have words conveyed

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more fully that hidden force which, in defiance of faithlessness and failure, has nevertheless from the dawn of Christian history been mediated to souls through the life which she reveals and imparts. Sometimes the verse dances like the light-hearted laughter of children —"O jubilo del cuore, che fa cantar d'amore!"— sometimes it rings like silver chimes, rhyme clashing sweetly on rhyme in ecstatic praise of poverty. Angels are talking with men, and we hear their authentic accents; the Mother bends in fadeless beauty above the Blessed Babe. Our spirits move through the fleshly garden wherein Christ has blossomed; it is consumed in living flame, "ardore che consuma ogni freddura." At last speech quivers into silence and dies away on one reiterated murmur—"Amore, amore." These Lauds lead us into the very arcana of Franciscan life.

The modern realism of Main Street cannot render with more shrewd insight than Jacopone the ordinary life of vulgar men. But what contrast! For this life is one that may and must be turned Godward. The poems are not written after the modern fashion with the simple purpose of recording fact. They want to bring the common man to repentance—that is why they begin by understanding him. Confronting the vulgarities of every day shines a steady vision of perfection. And Jacopone's greater poems deal with the difficulties of the spiritually advanced. The interpretation of the inner life on lines of Christian discipline is different from anything in pagan records, ancient or recent. An ethic which starts with demanding removal of inhibitions does not resemble one which starts with demanding victory over sins. Self-release against self-conquest! But Jacopone's scrutiny of the intricacies of consciousness from his own point of view is amazingly keen. And his introspection is not morbid nor unwholesome. That is because it begins and ends in love; love of the creature as well as the Creator.

But the world of sense is dangerous? Yes. And the means by which, says Jacopone, the dangers may be avoided and love sing without fear, are the Franciscan means of holy poverty. So we reach the heart of him, and the heart of the Franciscan life.

The first incentive of the friars was the simple desire to be like Jesus. Then came what we today call social compunction, the feeling of Francis crying out that he is a thief if he keeps that of which his brothers have need. This impulse led insensibly to the more refined disciplines by which the initiate must mount—for the fusion of social and mystical passion makes these Lauds of the Franciscan centre. Abstention from material goods is, taken by itself, a worthless delusion, as must be any attempt to solve social or personal problems on the outer plane alone. But it is a necessary starting point. Beyond it, the poems of Jacopone soar, discarding the "proprium" on every plane, rising successively above every good to which the soul might cling. In the highest heaven, joy and grief, fear and hope, are left behind. Poverty has a new name—naughting.

Defiant ego-centric forces are bidding for control today. They clamor for a new reading of personality, of psychology, of ethics. Will they prevail? After all, the ideals of the sons of Francis are not dead. They too, human nature being weak, degenerate at times into egotism of a subtly aristocratic type. Yet if socialized, and so purified, they present a vision of a Christian society in which all that is divisive might be discouraged, and power to rejoice in privilege or possession unshared should disappear from the Christian soul. Can the ideals of Francis, of Jacopone, be thus socialized? If so, can they hope to hold their own against those others, asserting so boldly the claims of personal desire? These are questions for the future. To some of us, the old friars and the Lauds of Jacopone da Todi have a word to say.

A DAY IN MEATH

By PADRAIC COLUM

SITTING astride on their horses two girls in knickers and with short hair let their reins rest in their hands while Hugh Lucy talks to them out of his endless interest in horses. The mare has had a chill, but is getting over it; she is getting to have the stride of her grand-dam who was first at Punchestown in a memorable race. The black one, to his surprise, for he did not think it was in the breed, promises to be a first-class jumper, and he should be entered for the army competition in the Dublin Horse Show.

Nervous and powerful, the mounted horses stand on the cobble-stones of the quadrangle. Thirty horses, most of them hunters, were kept in these stables in the old days. There must have been a great clattering on the cobbles when they were led out and tended before the hunt on an autumn morning. Only four are kept now. But they are as fine as were ever bred here in the old days, and are as well attended to. And the girls in their knickers and with their short hair sit their horses as well as the plumed young ladies with full skirts who rode out of their quadrangle in the old times. They ride out, and down the avenue with the laurel hedges, and out into the flat, green Meath country. And we stay to talk with Hugh Lucy.

The quadrangle of the stables is a world to itself: cobble-paved, it has low whitewashed walls, with tarred doors and red-tiled roofs. No geese gabble here, no cocks crow; the martins fly up to the nests they have plastered on the walls under the tiles. We are away from the house here, and we can see the high yew trees in the long garden. An under-groom brings a pail of water to the two horses that put their heads across the half-doors of their boxes.

There are other charges besides the horses. The Hunt Club has sent two puppies to the house—every house that has hunters is given its quota of puppies to rear. With big head and falling ears one of them is sniffing at the cobble-stones; the other makes no effort to get around: weak and thin, this puppy is sitting still, and Hugh Lucy judges that it will not survive to hunt the fox in County Meath.

Hugh Lucy acts as steward for the whole place but his beginning was in this quadrangle thirty years ago, and he still sees the problems of the house, the county and the country from this quiet and stirring area. All his judgments are, as it were, made from across the saddle. If a man has little spirit, or will take no training, or hasn't much judgment, put him among horses, and he will soon show himself up. "The fair-

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est court of trial is the battlefield," says an old Irish proverb, and Hugh Lucy could be easily got to say that the fairest court of trial was the race-course or the hunting-field.

He goes with us to a place that is about an hour's ride away —to a wrecked mansion that was once famous as a piece of architecture. It had been fired five years before—its destruction was wrought during the civil strife. Why had it been destroyed? It was a useless deed from a military point of view, and heavy compensation for its destruction is being paid by the ordinary people in the country. The leaders of the irregulars claimed that the place was likely to be occupied and used as a base against them. It is much more likely that its destruction was brought about by mere resentment—the resentment that was felt by the people against those in the great houses who took nearly everything from them and gave them neither return nor acknowledgment. I heard that the owner of this particular house was grudging toward the people around and grinding to his servants. The servants, it was said, stored the petrol and explosives that burnt and wrecked the mansion and gave the signals for the attack.

It stands great and well-planned: a double line of exotic trees give, from the steps, a vista to a colonnade around which roses are still growing. The centre and the wings are solidly there; only the doors and the windows show that the house has been devastated. Many are the ruins in the County Meath —castles and abbeys—but this place seems much more abandoned than any of them. There are the gardens without a breach in their walls, flowers and fruits still growing in them; there is the lake with swans upon it; there is the tennis court with the courts marked, but with grasses growing over the markings. But when we go through the door of the house we find that in the hall rank shrubs are growing luxuriantly.

And then, as we walk around the place, we hear a clock strike. I had heard in a great cathedral, from a gallery in front of the organ, a clock strike like that. Suddenly, in that deserted place, the strokes come, making a chime of unusual sweetness. We see the clock: its face is high up in the left wing of the house. It is a clock that was not put there just to tell work-hours—its chime is too musical for that. I could think of it as striking only to tell the ladies who were gathering roses in the garden that the carriage was leaving, or to remind one of them that she would just have time to talk to her maid about having her hair arranged another way before it was time to dress for dinner.

The strokes are right by our watches. The clock keeps correct time. But who attends to it? Who, in this forsaken place, can have an interest in keeping it going? Someone speaks of a herdsman who still stays within the gates. A herdsman, I say, would surely be the last person to have an interest in clocks or to feel any urge to wind one. But Hugh Lucy declares that he knows about the herdsman, and that it it a fact that he goes up to where the clock is and keeps it going.

We go from that ruin to where we are cheered by bright lake waters. Boys are fishing and little girls are playing with little stones which they throw up and catch. This is Loch Ramor with its thirty islands. Across the water is County Cavan. Cavan is a county of lakes—indeed, the most famous poem about it begins, "In Cavan of the little lakes." Loch Ramor may be reckoned as the first of its lakes.

We are rowed across it, and a little way up from the landing we come upon a house around which I expected to hear the yelping of whole kennels of dogs. But no such yelping comes to us. The house is a stone one, and had been built, evidently, as a lodge for shooting and fishing parties. There is a gun in the hallway; there is a white grouse in a case, and there are no other trophies. This is not as I expected it would be, for the owner of the house is the breeder and the possessor of a setter that is the last representative of a famous breed.

And when the possessor of the famous setter comes to us we see a man who has the looks of a student of the most earnest kind. He is a student and an earnest enthusiast for the canine race—at least, for such of them as have pedigrees. Scratch an Irishman, says a proverb, and you will find a genealogist. We find that our friend carries more genealogies in his head than a Connacht beggar ever did. And no one making out a genealogy which would attach him to any of the families of the Five Bloods could have been more single-minded. The subject of the research is Dora, the obedient and alert but still untrained young setter who is shown to us. Parchments are unrolled; they cover the table, the chairs and the floor: the descent of Dora from an ancestor who was the first of a famous setter breed is fondly and elaborately traced. But, as often happens in the case of human descent, there is a gap—her descent from the mighty progenitor is a moral certainty, and a document which can be recovered from some archives will make that certainty a historical one. But meanwhile there is the gap. Five generations back Dora had an ancestor that was fourth in descent from the founder of the famous line—that her owner affirms as a credo, and, carried on by that devotedness, we are ready to affirm it with him.

And then we are outside, and our friend takes Dora and her grand-dam, setters showing all good points in their shapes and having the qualities of modesty, obedience and alertness, upon leashes. Dora is not conscious that she is making her début, or if she is, her modesty prevents her showing it. It is afternoon and a good harvest day. We go through a stretch of furze that has lost the gold of its blossoms and is now all dark green; we go through the bracken of a hillside, and then we come to a stretch of bog. There are snipe here, and Dora and her grand-dam are unloosed so that we may note their expertness. The grand-dam ranges finely, and Dora shows that with training she will be better than her grand-dam. A solitary snipe rises; then the whistle sounds, and the two dogs, very obediently, come back to us. We try a hollow for partridge; we try a stubble for pheasants, but no more birds rise. We make a progress across the country, not with the swiftness of men hunting, but with the steadiness of men marching who now and again have an exciting happening to watch.

We come to a gate, we go out on the roadway and there, riding toward us, are the two girls who this morning had taken their horses out of the quadrangle. They watch Dora from across the hedge; she is being left to range by herself, and, for every step she takes forward in the field, our friend takes the girls a step backward in her ancestry. She ranges splendidly; indeed it looks as if in the course of the afternoon she had reached complete expertness. A bird rises out of a grassy hollow. It is a corncrake that had delayed its passage to the south. Dora stands, and the bird makes its low, unsteady flight.

To Poets

To you alone our shivering souls confess—
Since you the inexpressible express!
  Magi, whose wizardries
  Shake stardust in our eyes—
For all life's hurts and hazards, ye have lent
Ointment and alabaster! Best content.

LAURA SIMMONS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Goin' Home

RANSOM RIDEOUT has written, in Goin' Home, a war play of unusual theme, and written it for the most part with amazing vigor and strength. In the last act it has a few glycerine tears of sentimentality, and on several occasions, quite unnecessarily, it uses stage blasphemies of the worst sort. But there is no doubt of the strength with which the theme is handled in the main, nor of the diverting and frequently gripping theatrical character of many of the scenes. It is one of those plays commonly spoken of as "good theatre," and with just enough sincerity to make you regret its many lapses into the current idiom of bad taste.

The problem it presents is that of an American Negro soldier married to the white proprietress of a French café in a seaport town. Israel was shanghaied into the French army early in the war, and shoved into a Senegalese regiment where, filled with terror, he slowly discovered in himself the soul of a hero. He was decorated by the French government for bravery in battle and made much of by the French populace, to whom color distinctions seemed unimportant. Then he married Lise, proprietress of a little café. In his first romancing, he lied to her, told her of his great wealth and his fine home back in New Orleans. Then he lacked the courage to tell her the truth. The Americans are going home. Lise wonders why Israel does not take her home, too. He dares not explain. A regiment of colored troops passes through the town. Its major, Edward Powell, is also from New Orleans. Israel was one of the family servants in the Powell family. He and Edward went fishing together as boys. But when Edward discovers that Israel has married a white woman, blood and tradition prove to be stronger than friendship. They quarrel.

Then comes the moment when Powell, drunk, makes love to himself to the fickle and mercenary Lise. While he is in her room upstairs, the colored troops below are carousing, singing, dancing, and Israel, all unsuspecting of the tragedy going on, is joining with them, his heart almost breaking with homesickness. They are joined by a huge Senegalese, one of Israel's faithful comrades. The Senegalese begins a barbaric dance to the beating of a drum. Suddenly Powell appears from Lise's room. Israel, dumbfounded, challenges him. They grapple. The Senegalese, seeing only his friend's honor attacked, draws his huge knife. Then the instinct bred in Israel through a lifetime breaks forth. He draws his gun and shoots, not Powell, but the Senegalese. The fire, movement and barbaric contrasts of this second act form one of the most theatrically effective scenes staged in many a long day.

The third act, though moving in its intentions, is weak. Lise turns against Israel, in spite of Powell's manly effort to assume the blame of the shooting. She leaves Israel alone to face court martial and death. But Powell intervenes with the French authorities. From other witnesses comes the whole truth. Israel is allowed to return to America with Powell—vastly alone in his discovery of what it means to be a Negro in a white man's world.

Here, then, are all the elements of a strong play. That the real power of the third act is lost in sentimental phrases, instead of allowing actions to speak for themselves, and that perfectly useless blasphemy mars what would otherwise be gorgeous and salty comedy in the banterings of the Negro soldiers, are facts which we must set down regretfully. Brock Pemberton is the producer and also the director. His staging of the second act merits high praise.

In regard to the casting of the characters in the play, he has done very well in the selection of Richard Hale to play Israel. Mr. Hale does far better than most white actors in making his Negro impersonation credible and consistent. He is almost as successful as Henry Hull in his famous part in Lulu Belle. John Irwin and Ralph Cullinan as two M. P.'s contribute vastly to the comedy moments, as do a band of a dozen or so Negro soldiers. Russel Hicks is more than satisfactory in the unsympathetic part of Major Powell, and Clarence Redd has immeasurable power as the great Senegalese. Barbara Bulgakov lacks a certain variety as Lise, though she is very natural in most of her scenes. More's the pity that this play does not merit unqualified recommendation. (At the Hudson Theatre.)

Relations

LONG before, and ever since, the theatrical epoch marked by the ascendency of Abie's Irish Rose, there have been plays based on the family life of the Jews. Most of them have been comedies, and most of the comedy, in turn, has rested on the spectacle of constant bickering covering up a real intensity of affection. I am sure that Edward Clark's play, Relations, is not the worst of this historic line, but I am still more certain that it is far, far indeed from the best.

In every move and in every change of situation it is painfully obvious, though just what conclusion the audience is expected to draw from the various meanderings remains a dark and not very interesting mystery. In act one, Uncle Wolfe is ready to give up his millinery business because it has been ruined by his willingness to give jobs to relations. A distant and young cousin from Australia buys him out, and in the next scene we are shown that even with relations a business can prosper under intelligent human guidance. But Uncle Wolfe decides to set up a competitive establishment (without relations) and the third scene shows a complete reversal. The young cousin's business is bankrupt, and Uncle Wolfe's is prosperous. Then, as if to disprove everything, a fourth scene shows Uncle Wolfe himself bankrupt, his cousin peddling hat trimmings, and a reconciliation based on mutual poverty. As a final fillip, the cousin inherits a business from his deceased Australian grandfather, and the curtain of the play shows all the relations squabbling again as they plan to form a new family business. It is all very obscure, and proves nothing so conclusively as the folly of writing a play that has no real beginning and no real end.

Mr. Clark has frankly written a "fat" part for himself, so far as characterization and a few comic lines go, and a fair to middling part for the young cousin, played somewhat "sweetly" by Horace Braham until the second-act curtain when he has a chance for some vigorous and effective fireworks of temper. Barbara Brown does her best to inject human interest into the part of the girl whom the cousin loves and marries. But as her dialogue consists chiefly of "yes" or "no," and her business chiefly of patient smiles, her task is not a very thankful one, nor her opportunity very great. Relations will soon be forgotten. (At the Masque Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE BOUNDARIES OF CATHOLIC LIBERALISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am again grateful to Dr. Ryan for his patient pains in answering my second series of questions—all the more because, in his answers, he has contrived, despite my rather defective framing of the inquiries, to discern and deal with the essential points at which I aimed them.

I gather from his answer to my first question that, other things being equal, individual initiative in industry is preferable to governmental operation, and that governmental operation is indicated only when the common good is distinctly advantaged thereby, either by some positive gain to be secured or some positive danger or loss to be excluded. To this I wholly agree. And I equally agree with Dr. Ryan in the statement that "government operation has no proper place outside of monopolistic industries except where it may be the most effective means of enforcing actual competition and preventing unnecessary and harmful monopolies."

I agree also with his answer to my second question, viz., that the purpose of regulation is "to give the consumer of naturally monopolistic products and services the benefits which he obtains in competitive industries." In my dissenting expression in the O'Fallon Recapture Case I stated the case thus:

"The main purpose of regulation of public utility enterprises is to supply to the public that protection in the matter of rates, fares and service which is supplied in the case of freely competitive—and therefore unregulated—enterprises by the force and play of competition. In fully competitive enterprises the rate of return tends at all times to circle around the point where it will just suffice to attract capital into the industry when and as needed. This being so, it follows that railroad rates and fares should, under regulation, be so adjusted that the return will tend to be *high enough* to attract the investors' capital—and *no* higher."

I take it that Dr. Ryan will agree with that statement for it is identical in import with his own.

Only when I come to his answer to my third question do I find myself unable to follow him. If I correctly understand his view it is that regulation of public utilities is subject to almost insuperable obstacles—viz., the fixing of a fair rate of return and the valuation of the property on which return is to be based. In the case of the former the courts allow a rate of return so high as to make necessary rates and fares considerably higher than would be necessary if the utilities were publicly operated. In the case of the latter the "reproduction cost" theory of "value" which has so far been followed by the courts is not merely challenged in principle by many, but is in practice extremely difficult of application. In face of these facts Dr. Ryan concludes that: "The relative inefficiency of public operation (which in some degree I am inclined to concede) would have to be very great and notorious to put upon the consumer as great a burden of costs as that saddled upon him by controlling judicial decisions concerning the fair rate of return and the proper measure of valuation."

Here, I venture to think, Dr. Ryan is mistaken. "Why," he asks, "should the consumer be compelled to provide interest not merely upon the money which the capitalist has provided but upon a valuation which has no more substantial basis than an increase in the general price level?" Prescinding entirely from the equities in the case and taking railroads as an example, I may point out that the increase in the general price levels which took place after 1914 so increased the cost of labor, materials and taxes that an advance in railroad rates and fares of about 50 percent was found necessary. These items constitute about 82 percent of all railroad operating revenue, leaving 18 percent only to represent interest and dividend earnings on invested capital. As to this 82 percent—changes in the general price level will have full effect no matter who operates the railroads, and rates and fares must fluctuate accordingly. The controversy centers, therefore, on the 18 percent.

Now suppose that at present the railroads are earning in round figures $1,200,000 for interest and dividends; suppose further that this is "fair return" on $20,000,000,000, and, finally, suppose that the last-named sum represented original cost of the properties as of 1914. Assume that between 1914 and 1928 the increase in the general price level is such that on the "reproduction cost" theory the courts would declare the "value" in 1928 to be $30,000,000,000 against the $20,000,000,000 of original cost in 1914. On the same basis of "fair return" as in 1914, the rates and fares would have to produce $600,000,000 additional revenue per annum to satisfy the increased "value" of properties. This $600,000,000, per hypothesim, would be met by an increase in total fares and charges of only about 9 percent in addition to the inevitable increase forced by increased labor, material and tax costs. And it is against this 9 percent that we would have to measure the "inefficiency" of public operation.

Now what may be the "coefficient of inefficiency" in public as contrasted with private operation is doubtless not susceptible of mathematical demonstration a priori. One thing is reasonably clear, however, and that is that public operation of railroads invariably means more men employed than does private operation. At the end of 1920, a full year after termination of the war, there were employed on Class I railroads a total number of 2,022,832 men whose average annual compensation was, say, $1,820. The roads were then in governmental control. Seven years later the same railroads had in employment 1,734,470 men with average annual compensation of $1,677. The reduction in forces made after return to private operation is represented by 288,362 men. Reckoning their average annual compensation at the 1920 figure, we have $524,818,000.

Furthermore, there should be considered other economies which are not so easy to visualize under public operation, as for instance, a 25 percent saving in coal per 1,000 gross ton-miles handled (made between 1920 and 1927) increased ton-miles per car-day, etc., etc. But omitting all these things, the point which I desire to emphasize is that the actual amount of money involved in the valuation controversy is smaller than Dr. Ryan appears to think and that it would not go very far toward providing for the increased costs of public operation.

Some four or five years ago I saw some statistics which showed that publicly owned and operated electric utilities were then distributing about *5 percent* of the total current distributed in the United States and were then employing about *10 percent* of the total personnel!

My difference with Dr. Ryan on this point is, however, of less importance to me than my agreement with him on the other main points—even if it leaves me unconvinced that a government which is unable to protect the public interest—as well as private rights—under a policy of regulation will be able to serve successfully the common good by operation.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

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Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—For two reasons I do not feel inclined to discuss at length the differences between Mr. Woodlock and myself concerning the relative merits of private and public operation of public utilities. The first reason is suggested in the closing paragraph of his letter in this issue of The Commonweal. In the second place, an adequate statement of the grounds for my belief in the efficiency of public operation would occupy more space then would be justified by the results. Therefore I must content myself with these observations: Mr. Woodlock unduly simplifies the problem of the rates and charges which would be required to provide a rate of 8 percent on the present reproduction cost of *all* public utilities, when he mentions merely the railroads and allows them a rate of only 6 percent; and his passing reference to electric utilities has very little general value in view of the fact that several of the municipally operated electric lighting concerns in this country, for example in Cleveland, Tacoma and Los Angeles, sell electric current at considerably lower prices than those exacted by the competing private concerns—not to mention the scandalously higher rates charged by private concerns in the United States as compared with those collected by the publicly owned Hydro-Electric of Ontario.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

THE LAY PULPIT

Denton, Tex.

TO the Editor:—Mr. William Franklin Sands has a communication in a recent number of The Commonweal which contains these words:

"The problem of uniting all kinds of men, of very different racial origin and interests, upon a basis of principles held in common, not with the object of turning out a uniform type from one mold, but rather of encouraging the fullest development of the individual, with all the good he may derive from his variety of antecedents."

These are words of wisdom. All nations and races have their peculiar gifts, which could be used to embellish our civilization. This world would be rather monotonous if it carried only one kind of roses, or if all the birds sang the same song. So instead of crushing these various gifts found in the different races, they should be developed to the highest degree.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

EDMUND BURKE—IRISHMAN

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In a brief review, Edmund Burke, by Bertram Newman, Francis A. Litz twice sets down Burke as an Englishman—"a great and noble Englishman." Great and noble he was, but emphatically not an Englishman. Everybody knows, save Litz, that he was an Irishman (1730-1797) born in Arran Quay, Dublin, January 1, 1730, of a Protestant father, in which religion he was brought up, and a Catholic mother. He graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1748, and two years later, in 1750, he proceeded to London, where he entered as a student of the Middle Temple.

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

The title page and index for Volume VII of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VII in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

BOOKS

Mr. Shaw's Testament

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. $4.00.

WHAT intelligent woman has not been delighted, for a generation, by Mr. Shaw's plays, essays and letters to the press? Delighted—and from time to time puzzled by the apparent discrepancies in his thought? She has remembered that Shaw, in his Treatise on Parents and Children, eloquently chanted the glory and nobility of motherhood and then went on amazingly to assert, evidently without remorse, that he could establish more intimate relations with any strange woman of his own age in forty days, almost in forty minutes, than he enjoyed with his own mother after forty years of constant association. She has recalled his curious intolerance of physical and biological science, his strange excursions into philosophy and religion, marked here by startling penetration and there by even more astonishing shallowness. And so when Mr. Shaw announced, many months ago, that he had completed his last will and testament to humanity, she impatiently awaited its publication, hoping to find in it his final definitive word, a word which would clear up her doubts about him forever.

The testament has now appeared. It is a long book; and, as might have been feared, it does not answer the intelligent woman's questions. It brings them up again, all of them, only to annoy and mock her with them once more. But she will now know better than to expect an answer, ever, from Mr. Shaw. For she will realize that he is no professor of things-in-general, in spite of all his former pretensions; that those scintillating excursions into science, philosophy and religion were only an elaborate Shavian smoke-screen, not much more than flourishes of his pen. At last his cards are on the table; he appears without pretenses and disguises, as what he is and has been all along: a superb economist and a benevolent politician, and no more. It is altogether appropriate and right that his final word should be spoken on the one theme which (besides playwriting) he has really mastered, about which he really knows what's what. His testament may be summed up in a single sentence: Everybody ought to have a comfortable income, and all incomes should be equal. And that is all he has to say.

The intelligent woman will at once admit that he says it very well indeed. Here is an epistle couched in plain and vigorous prose; straightforward, frank, intimate and interesting on every page. It is full of vivid examples and concrete illustrations. It is far more complete than any other popular book on the subject. It answers every conceivable question—on socialism. Political economy has here at last been written so as to be easily followed by the lay reader, and without the slightest shirking of difficulties or of technicalities.

It does not matter whether or not this reviewer agrees with Shaw's practical Fabian doctrine. What does matter is that the book is probably the most important popular volume in its own field. And, of all Mr. Shaw's publications, it is the most important guide to what he has termed his G. B. Essence.

What is the intelligent woman to think of it, then, as Mr. Shaw's ultimate statement to her, as his final philosophy of life? On the penultimate page of his very last chapter, called Peroration, he declares that the profoundest evils which have arisen in the human picture would be satisfactorily eliminated in his world of economic equality, implying that in such a world the highest ends of human existence, as he sees it, would be immediately attainable. "Under such circumstances [that is,

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under a completely socialistic régime] you would find human nature good enough for all your reasonable purposes; and when you took up such books as Gulliver's Travels or Candide, which under capitalism are unanswerable indictments of mankind as the wickedest of all known species, you would see in them only terribly vivid clinical lectures on extinct moral diseases which were formerly produced by inequality as smallpox and typhus were produced by dirt. Such books are never written until mankind is horribly corrupted, not by original sin but by inequality of income."

Here, then, is the most brilliant and charming dramatist of our time, seriously suggesting that all the major evils to which human flesh is heir will be eradicated just as soon as an equal amount of cash money is regularly placed in the pockets of every living man, woman and child. Can he really imagine that the intelligent woman will permit herself to be deluded by any such childish optimism? His title, so obviously flattering to her sex, may be ironical after all. Suppose his Utopia were here: suppose everybody had to work only two or three hours per day and were assured of an income equal to that of everybody else. For ten hours every day he (or she) would be neither working nor sleeping nor eating; she would be completely at liberty and leisure. How would she then occupy herself? Would everything be solved for her?

It is all too obvious that nothing essential would be solved. All the futile old struggles would go on as before: the quest of sensations for sensations' sake, of emotions for emotions' sake, of superiority, of delusions, of mere appearances, of escape from boredom into boredom. The really intelligent woman may well long for Mr. Shaw's ideal state—as a state in which our evasion of our real difficulties will be less than it is today, absorbed as we now are in the mere mechanics of getting a living. Mr. Shaw has pointed out one possible way of obtaining the liberty and opportunity for living a valuable life. But he has given the intelligent woman not a shred of a hint as to what activity is ultimately valuable.

In one place, rather early in his argument, he does say, "Man does not live by bread alone." Here the intelligent woman may open wide her eyes, expecting an exhilarating glimpse of a transcendent ideal. But she soon learns that Mr. Shaw remains close to the things that he can touch and see. Besides bread, he declares, man needs adequate shelter; he must have not only food, but a home in which to eat it!

Even if she admits his practical argument as valid, she can see that all the Shavian reforms, once carried into effect, would only serve to make more apparent her need for the good life. She still finds herself before the very beginning of the solution to the most vital problems of her existence.

And Mr. Shaw, characteristically, calls Saint Paul a very shallow thinker.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Another Strange Interlude

Thérèse, by François Mauriac; translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

M. MAURIAC has accomplished two highly difficult feats in this newly translated novel. He has given us a superbly realistic study where the realism remains always secondary to the interpretation of character or circumstance, and he has treated with sanity as well as sympathy a type which might easily have become a mere "exhibit" in abnormal psychology.

For Thérèse Desqueyroux is not simply a potential murderess: but for the lucky accident which saved her husband from the poison she had administered, she would have been an actual murderess. And yet Bernard himself is rather a bore than a brute, while the wife is far from our preconceived ideas of a criminal. Perhaps the most incredible thing of all is that the history of the crime—reconstructed in the woman's own mind as she journeys back after the legal acquittal which still leaves her "convicted and condemned to eternal solitude"—makes both it and herself entirely credible; although, like many strange turns in other lives and our own, never entirely comprehensible.

Something of Ibsen's Nora and Hedda, of Sinclair Lewis's Carol and Eugene O'Neill's Nina, germinates in this unhappy daughter of Les Landes, the marsh country southwest of Bordeaux—country of pines and resin, of endless rains and sporadic forest fires, of narrow provincial lives and strong provincial conventions; where the clan, the family, "strained from its fair use," has become the final fetish and too often the final juggernaut. With amazing verisimilitude of detail and subtle penetration, the story is traced back to that innocent youth which has been as "snow at the source" of a turbulent stream destined for the "imperceptible slope" toward ruin. We see Thérèse as a girl, honest, tender, even aspiring, growing up in the sullen atmosphere of an anti-clerical household midway between peasantry and bourgeoisie. . . . Then as a disenchanted woman, to whom the initiation into marriage, even into motherhood, has brought no initiation into love. One would like to know a little more of the neighboring farmer's son, Jean Azévédo, half-philanderer and half-mystic, whose youthful talk of "self-realization" broke in disturbing challenge across her mental torpor; and of the lonely parish priest she saw when domestic respectability decreed her attendance at Mass, and fancied might have helped her to "unravel the confusion of her soul"—the priest she watched bearing his precious Corpus Christi burden in procession, while the hostile villagers hid behind doors and shutters to avoid kneeling—"as if," says the author, "there had been a lion, not a lamb, let loose in the streets."

But what we do see with a terrible, twilight clarity is this woman deteriorating by disgust, by mental and spiritual starvation, into a neuroticism bordering upon madness: the homicidal idea conceived while she observes her husband absent-mindedly taking an overdose of his prescribed drug—the temptation concealing itself with diabolical subtlety—finally the crime, half-expiated by her devoted nursing before the inevitable crisis of suspicion and detection. Then comes the trial, with its verdict of "case dismissed" for which the family, in self-defense, has spent and perjured itself—and the return home to face the waiting verdict of this family, which knows all but of course understands nothing.

Segregation is the sentence pronounced (again in self-defense!) weeks and months of a half-death which refuses to resolve itself into the real death—imprisonment in the old farmhouse of Argelouse, surrounded by those desolate moors where "we seem to be listening in the night to the sob we dare not utter." But the fruits of this martyrdom are too spectacular, after all, for family peace or rehabilitation; so it is decided that after Bernard's sister is "safely" married, Thérèse shall be permitted to slip quietly out of the scene, to be forgotten—since the world and the world's wife do forget!—in the unplumbed Paris for which she longs.

And there we leave her, the strange, evil interlude of her married life at an end, as Bernard—still groping for the truth of the dark story he will, naturally enough, never find—bids

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her farewell, and hastens awkwardly toward the railway station. And the uprooted little provinciale sits brooding and smoking at the café table, before going out to lose herself—or perhaps to find herself, who knows?—in "a world of men, no longer a world of trees."

Obviously enough, this poor Thérèse is not normal. One knows quite well that normal women love their children, even when they are not particularly welcome or particularly attractive—and they do not poison the men who bore them, even the husbands who bore them; having learned to make the best of many a bad bargain.... "Why," asks François Mauriac in the foreword to this haunting tale, "do I never write about good, kind people, in whose hearts there is no secret? Alas! where there is no secret there is no story." And because, in addition to being an authentic artist, he is also a man full of interest in the story and of pity for the secret, he has created a novel which is itself not morbid but only painful and pitiful—and even fascinating.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

An Outline of Bigotry

The Wars of the Godly, by Reuben Maury. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

MR. REUBEN MAURY had a good thing in his grasp and let go of it. His idea was to write a non-sectarian history of religious bigotry in America, and it was a new idea and a first-rate one. He went to work and got his facts, and then wrote, and that was where he made his mistake. He should have got somebody else to write it, or else he should have waited a few years until his judgment had expanded. Or, better still, he should have got some well-informed person to apprise him of the ups and downs of fashion in the writing of biography and history, by which what is a best seller today is not a best seller for tomorrow.

Mr. Maury had observed the popularity of a certain school of historical writing, and had inferred that this popularity was permanent.

He had noticed that for several years there had been a roaring sale for history written in a flippant, ironical, supercilious style. This school treated historical events as all essentially humorous because of the crass unintelligence of the morons who figured in them and the patient asininity of the invariable victim, who is always the human race. It may be described briefly as the cocky or smart-alecky school of history. Taking as its fundamental postulate the cardinal doctrine of Mr. H. L. Mencken—which is that the human race is a booberie and that those of its leaders who are not rascals are fools—it has addressed its readers with a knowing leer importing, "You and I are the only smart fellows; we know what all this bunk is worth; come, let us have a toplofty laugh together." The flattered reader responded thirstily, and the vogue was tremendous. For awhile, that is. Mr. Maury observed this, and wrote accordingly.

He had not reflected that this evanescent fashion of cockney smartness was only a product of the last four or five years, which is a long time for so brazenly impudent a sham to retain universal popularity; nor had he noticed that a revolt had already begun against the idea of applying Sinclair Lewis's Elmer Gantry motif to George Washington and Jeanne d'Arc. He had a rich nugget in his hand, and he light-heartedly shied it away at the rainbow. It is a pity. His mistake foredoomed his book.

However, it is well he wrote it. It will attract the attention

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THEN

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of some soberer mind to this fine idea, and there will really be a non-sectarian history of American bigotry. Whoever writes it will very likely find Mr. Maury's book of use to him in indicating the trails to be followed in his researches. It is remarkable, when one thinks of it, that the thing has never been done before, and Mr. Maury deserves much credit for hitting on it; credit, coupled with real regret that he fumbled the ball.

Pending the arrival of such a real history, Mr. Maury's book ought to do a lot of good to those who can resolutely forget its shoddy joviality of style and its mechanical grin of superiority toward the booberie. The facts he presents are shocking. They show not intermittent flares of hatred, but a constant state of mind manifesting itself in practically the same acts from generation to generation. The only intermissions in persecution are those that result from temporary exhaustion. The record is black, almost unbelievably black, even for those who know some of the facts; for hitherto nobody has known them all.

Catholics will not need to be told that the record is entirely one of persecution of their faith. In his effort to hold the balance Mr. Maury produces every instance he can find that will show a case of pot and kettle; and he can find nothing except that whenever persecution became unusually violent there were some Catholics who lost their temper and used sharp language. The record of riots, murders, arson, forgery, legislation against worship, and the use of politics and government for persecution, is exclusively non-Catholic, so far as America is concerned. While Catholics understand this in a general way, they have never had before them a complete record written by a non-Catholic which presents, against its will, such an irresistible and appalling and irrefutable demonstration.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

The Faith in Sociology

Introduction to Social Work, by John O'Grady. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

DR. O'GRADY, editor of the Catholic Charities Review and professor of sociology at the Catholic University and Trinity College, to whose inspiration and leadership most of the development and progress of organized Catholic charity is due, is well qualified to give us this Introduction to Social Work. It is the first American book of its kind treating social work from a Catholic viewpoint.

Dr. John A. Lapp, the editor, writes in his preface: "The book has the merit of completeness which is so essential to the understanding of any portion of the field of social work."

It was no small task for the author to present within 400 pages the variety, complexity and extensive influence of organized charity. The twenty chapters acquaint us with present-day family life, court procedures, health work, modern methods of relief, social and recreational work of the school and church, crime prevention and other very actual welfare problems. Every chapter is well documented and it affords pleasure to behold the increase of Catholic social literature, nourishing the hope that soon every phase of charity will find its exposition and evaluation in monographs by Catholic authors. Where no Catholic literature was available, the author presents a selection from among the best authorities. Several problems for study are appended to each chapter, making the publication an excellent text-book for students—volunteer and professional—in social work. An index of ten closely printed pages suggests the richness of its contents.

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The importance of the book is apparent. Not only does it afford a basis for the training of Catholic social workers, but it also shows others the principles guiding the Church in her charitable endeavors. Until now such a book was lacking. Other books, often unsound in principle and theory, were used as substitutes by a number of professionals and volunteers. Hence, deplorable mistakes were made by social workers who took prevailing sentiments as norms for their advice.

The reviewer, attending for some years the district meetings of a charity organization, was frequently shocked by the advice given to the poor seeking relief. "You have no right to have five children if you cannot support two"; "You are young yet. A change in partners might remedy conditions." Such and similar phrases are repeated before the committees and are accepted in a matter-of-fact way by most members present. It may be added that Catholics seemingly did not care much to attend these meetings although the number of Catholic cases pending was large enough to solicit their attention.

The book will be an eye-opener to priests, parents, charity workers and all who are interested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of a large part of the community. It is interesting reading.

Whenever matters are still under dispute, Dr. O'Grady presents both sides fairly. Enumerating the forces that undermine family life, the author might have added the bad example given by the wealthier classes whose sordid practices receive such an extensive publicity.

It seems that the author evaluates organized recreation for leisure time too highly. The increase of membership in so-called character-training agencies does not always correspond with the decrease of juvenile delinquencies. In this, as in other cases, the lack of religion is the cause. One of the latest surveys, in Deceit, made by professors of Columbia and Yale does not prove that children who do belong to an organization are more honest than others. But even without this, spare-time organizations are extremely valuable in so far as they may lessen temptations for certain hours and reach children who otherwise would not come under the influence of religion.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Echoes from Malines

Rome and Reunion, by the Abbé J. Calvet. Milwaukee: The Morehouse Publishing Company. $2.00.

THESE essays are nine sermons preparatory to the feast of Pentecost. They are elementary, but only in their presentation to Europeans who live under the shadow of the great ruptures of Christianity; they are not so to a great many Americans who remember of these ruptures only the old antagonisms and prejudices which they brought with them from Europe and with which this new world is cursed. To these the Abbé Calvet's presentation is essential and it is valuable to those also who are on the same plane with Europe's best thought in Catholic matters.

The Abbé states his thesis in his essay on The Mission of the Holy Ghost: "How are we to understand this powerful apologetic of the Spirit of God which is to cause the Church to triumph . . . ? Evidently we are not concerned here with a temporal triumph—with domination of the Church over the princes and peoples of the wide world. These carnal perspectives are totally foreign to the mind of Jesus; the triumph is to be wholly spiritual. . . ." "Jesus wished to treat us as men . . . He therefore attached grace to visible signs which we can see and touch, that is, to sacraments. Further, these

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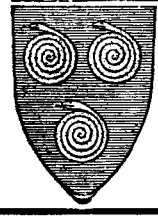
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exterior signs are the manifestation of unity . . . for Jesus willed that the Church should be a society within clearly defined limits." He argues that those who hold to these essential signs, who possess the instinct of such a society, are the foundation-stones of reunited Christianity in spite of some profound differences. Such are the Roman communion, the Church of England and the Eastern Orthodox. There are men within all these who earnestly desire reunion. Their effort, in Europe, has been to isolate important (doctrinal) differences. "No Christian [says the Abbé] who has given any thought to the matter can ignore the importance of bringing together the Church of England and the Church of Rome. It is evident that if these two very considerable forces, with their different modes of action, would but unite intimately for common spiritual action . . . the Kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth would make great strides forward."

The Abbé does not fail to warn against particularism, the identification of religion, of the Church, with any particular group, as one of the great "sins against unity." "In a land dominated by foreign tyranny [i. e. Turkey] the Church could only survive by identifying itself with the aspirations of the subject race. . . . This situation is not without its serious disadvantages for religion." "Pride, hatred, distrust . . . are all anti-Christian vices . . . We . . . Catholics have a particular duty and one that is most pressing. We believe it is our Church which must be the nucleus of this unity . . . the nucleus must have power to attract," and the Abbé quotes Saint Vincent de Paul who, "while the religious orders all around him were applying themselves to the conversion of Protestants . . . instructed his missionaries not to busy themselves with Protestants, never to argue with their ministers, and to avoid wounding their self-respect; he declared the best way to convert them was by reforming the Catholics."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Farmers' Progress

These Changing Times, by E. R. Eastman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book by the editor of the American Agriculturist is altogether a well-informed account of the story of farm progress in America during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Moreover, it is the expression of a well-balanced judgment. The author finds little cause for gloom in the agricultural outlook, and by applying historical tests gives ample grounds for reasonable optimism. He finds the lot of present-day farmers an enviable one when compared with "the positively ruinous times that their fathers faced during the low price period following the settlement of the West"—a period at its worst thirty-five years ago. Milk was then sold at a cent a quart and butter at ten cents a pound.

The improvements that have come to the American farm since that distressful time are simply revolutionary. The rapid development of cheap transportation and means of communication for the farmer has come within a quarter of a century and has completely altered his life for the better. It has banished isolation and loneliness, widened the farmer's horizon, brought him closer to school, church and markets. Without doubt there has been some mischief in the purchase of too expensive cars or tractors by many. But this evil has been incidental. The coöperative marketing progress of the past two decades, as Mr. Eastman observes, would have been impossible without the automobile and the good roads which have come with it. The same period has witnessed the introduction of

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innumerable scientific practices for the benefit of the farmer and of his customers. The quantity production of clean milk, economies resulting from cow testing, scientific feeding, campaigns against bovine diseases, improvement in methods of grading and packing fruit, are well-known illustrations of this trend. So in the poultry industry. Says Mr. Eastman: "To farmers twenty-five years ago a hen was just a hen. She laid a few eggs in the spring, proceeded to set a good part of the summer and 'to eat her head off' during the fall and winter." Culling is now generally practiced.

We need not worry about the abandoned farms in hilly and mountainous districts. "To regret the desertion of such land is to shed useless tears, for the sooner land that does not pay is left to forests the sooner good land will begin to pay better returns."

Mr. Eastman has sound ideas about farming. It is a business. "Yes, it is more than this. It is a life as well as a business. Today it is not material compensation that keeps the farmer and his family on the land. It is the love of country people for their environment. They work and quite cheerfully for small material return, knowing that they receive a large compensation in those things which city folk cannot have." It is its peculiar relation to wholesome family life that will continue to give farming its importance even in the predicted era of synthetic milk and corn.

E. V. O'Hara.

The Tongue of Camoens

A Grammar of the Portuguese Language, by Joseph Dunn. New York: The Hispanic Society.

OUR debt to the Hispanic Society of America for its services in presenting the literature, art and linguistic literatures of the Spanish peoples of the old and the new world is deepened in its publication of a new and greatly needed Grammar of the Portuguese Language by Professor Joseph Dunn of the Catholic University of America.

Professor Dunn's work provides a complete descriptive grammar for all who desire a knowledge of Portuguese, as well of the obsolete forms to be found in its classic literature as in the present standard speech of Portugal and Brazil.

Portuguese is an uncommonly beautiful as well as a difficult language, one of the richest in point of lexicography of the tongues of Europe. It is the speech not only of its native boulevards but of the Spanish province of Galicia, the Azores and Madeira. In Asia and Africa it is spoken by nearly nine millions of people, without mentioning the forty millions employing the language in the great regions of the Brazils.

In Portugal itself there are three distinct dialects, the standard pronunciation being that indigenous to the territory between Coimbra and Lisbon. Brazilian speech approaches most closely the language as employed in southern Portugal. There have been many modifications in the American branch of the language due to different racial conditions and the prevalence of French ideals in Brazilian society, but this divergence is hardly more than that noticeable in the language of England and North America.

Professor Dunn's treatment of his subject is concise, clear and comprehensive; his chapters on pronunciation, particularly important, are well handled; and he covers the whole field of his grammar with a scholarship not displayed in an overwieldy manner, but modest and applicable to the real demands of his many students.

Thomas Walsh.

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Briefer Mention

The Plays of George Büchner. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MAX REINHARDT introduced Büchner to New York with a play which many considered the most impressive spectacle in a decade of theatrical history. Now Mr. Dunlop follows with versions that are adequate and occasionally even more than that. Here are Danton's Death, Leonce and Leone, and Wozzeck, the third of which is in all likelihood the best. These are interesting plays, even if the author suffered from the same unfamiliarity with actual stage conditions which hampered so many of the German dramatic writers after Schiller's time. One is impressed by the extent to which Büchner widened the theatrical canvas, by the peculiar blend of inwardness with naturalism, and by the frequent density of the poetic mood. Mr. Dunlop contributes an interpretative preface which is valuable but, to my mind, unaware of the deepest implications of the theme. It stresses only the outward, more or less, political aspects of Büchner's career—the revolutionary efforts, the interest in social reform, the close observation of life among the poor—all subjective. Büchner's progress toward the objective is precisely the thing which renders him so surprisingly modern. To miss the point that Danton's Death is as much a personal confession as a description is, I think, to misunderstand his greatness and appeal.

Migration, by David Grew. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

HAD David Grew been Stacey Conrill, the young unschooled protagonist of Migration, the novel he has written on love and labor on the great American prairies would come up to expectations. And Stacey Conrill, as a fiction character, deserved much better treatment. Aside from the minor annoyances caused by a writer who is fond of moral-pointing interjections, too detailed descriptions of trivialities and repetitions of effects, Migration is not a success because Mr. Grew has gone about his problem of novel construction with little technique and realization of climactic values. The toil, the great poetry of wresting sustenance and wealth by the sweat of the brow, so vividly present in other novels with this type of background, is told but feebly, perhaps because the author has seen fit to emphasize the spiritual side of his hero's nature. The novel moves at a slow pace, builds no suspense, overlooks excellent emotional crises and even shies at a well-rounded conclusion.

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